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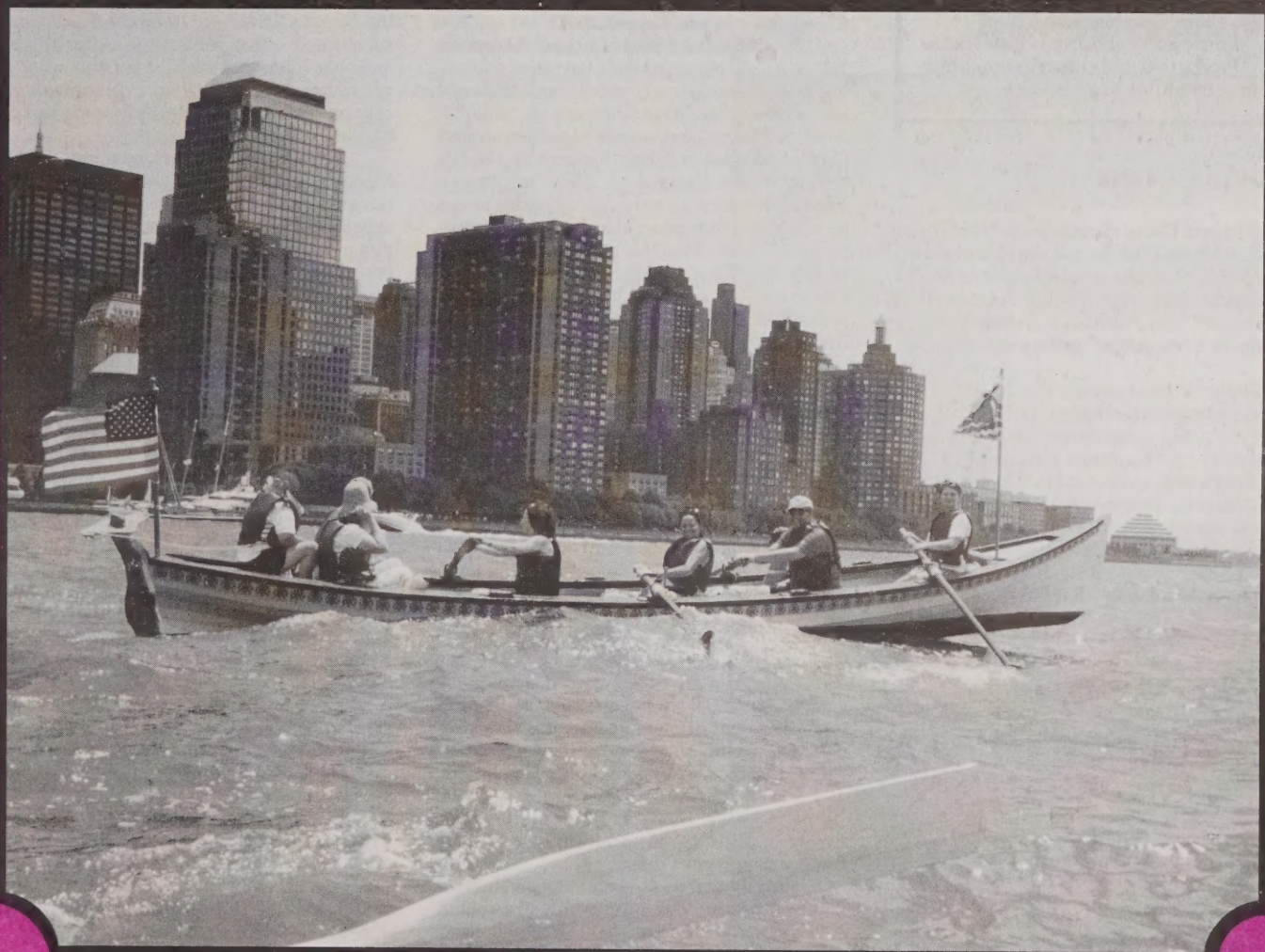
Special Features This Issue
"Messing About OpSail" - "Campanoe"
"Birth & Growth of the Center for Wooden Boats"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 9

September 15, 2000



messing about in BOATS

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Volume 18 - Number 9
September 15, 2000



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Looking Ahead...

Richard Ellers chronicles a "Christmas Cruise to Hawaii" on the tall ship *Californian*; Mark Steele considers the mystique of model yachting as he describes being "In Search of the Magic"; and Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox" arrives at its conclusion.

Craig Wilson reveals the details of his one-sheet-of-plywood-boat, "Little Ann"; and Robb White has some advice for professional boatbuilders in "Customer Relations".

Jim Plourde evaluates his "Sea Pearl Tri"; Yves-Marie de Tanton reports on the conception and design of his "TD-40 40' Daysailer"; John van Vlaanderen provides pictorial evidence of the "Unchanging Herring Boats of Grand Manan"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" looks "Westward Ho"; Phil Bolger & Friends present "Wenda, an Albert Strange Canoe Yawl"; and I hope I'll have had a go trying out the "Ozone Hyper-1" pedal powered kayak.

On the Cover...

New York City's East River C.R.E.W. and Floating the Apple were on the water before and after the tall ship OpSail event in July, Mary Nell Hawk has the story and more photos for us in this issue.

Commentary...



Bob Hicks, Editor

There's a new small magazine out about small boating, one which came to my attention when its managing editor called me about advertising their publication with us. *Small Craft Advisor* is already four issues old and looking good for anyone focussed on small sailboats.

Certainly amongst our 4,800 subscribers are many of you who look in each issue for the sailing stuff, and it is you who he wants to reach with his advertising. I told him he should send me an issue to possibly comment upon, and he did better than that, sending me issues #2, #3 and #4 (wha happen to #1?).

Small Craft Advisor is a small format, 6-1/2" x 10" 40 pager, its light tan cover enclosing features exclusively about small sailboats and related gear. What is meant by "small"? Already a minor controversy has arisen around a stated decision to define this term by a boat's length being limited to 25'. One angry wannabee reader wrote in cancelling his brand new subscription upon learning this because he owned a 26' Mac26C and was thus gonna be left out. What's a Mac26C? I dunno. The editor waffled a bit due to this letter, it appears that "small" may be more fuzzily defined if a boat catches their interest.

In Issue #2, with a cover announced theme as "The Speed Issue", the magazine arranged a gathering of "small sailboats for a head-to-head race on the Oakland California estuary near their Morro Bay home. After some reluctance on the part of hoped for participants, people with appropriate small sailboats came forward, and the resulting list included the following boats: Capri 16, M-15, M-17, Potter 14, Potter 15, and Potter 19. The 10 page feature story included many nice photos of these boats. So there's some idea of what sort of boating *Small Craft Advisor* will be bringing to their readers.

Issue #3's cover announced theme was "Seaworthiness". No boat tryouts involved in this, rather this 10 page feature has three experts answering questions on the topic; John Vigor, writer of boating books, one in particular germane to this topic, *The Seaworthy Offshore Sailboat*; Stephen Baker of Stephen Baker Yacht Design; and Dudley Dix of Dudley Dix Yacht Design.

Issue #4 had no cover announced theme. Its feature space was more evenly distributed over topics like "Epoxy 101", "Building Mud

Peep" and "Radio Direction Finders".

All issues carry a boat review (Venture 21, West Wight Potter 19, and Peep Hen 14); a plan study (Weekender, Penobscot 17 and Glen L 13); places to sail (The Door on Lake Michigan and Cedar Key); and a how to build series on Sam Devlin's Mud Peep.

So there you are, some idea of what you'll find in *Small Craft Advisor*. Why am I telling you about this here instead of in a review column? Well, because over time we've had input from readers longing for the good old days of *Small Boat Journal*, to which my response has been that *Messing About in Boats* cannot substitute for that publication. After 18 years and over 400 issues we have become what you get today, the result of an evolutionary process on which *Small Craft Advisor* is just embarking.

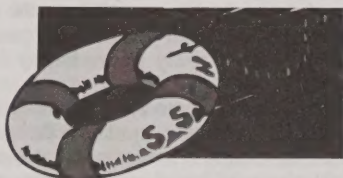
It's been three years now since David Stookey launched his *Open Water Rowing*, devoted to an even more narrowly defined aspect of small boating, and his current Issue #24 is up to 20 pages. He's found enough of a constituency to carry on, and has evolved already in layout design and breadth of content. My friend Tamsin Venn launched her *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* nine years ago, and today has a 40 pager chock a block full of topics of interest to sea kayakers, with more ads than you would believe aimed at that currently fast growing nationwide enthusiasm.

So maybe those who yearn for *Small Boat Journal* will have to be served today by several "niche publications", with subject matter ever more narrowly defined. How narrow can it get? Well, when I read that letter in *Small Craft Advisor* from the man who owned that Mac26C, I inferred from his remarks that he'd be quite pleased to receive something perhaps entitled *Mac26C Monthly*. The rule of diminishing returns has gotta set in somewhere here.

(*Small Craft Advisor* is published 6 times a year, subscription is \$19.95US from them at 907 Anchor, Morro Bay, CA 93442, (805) 771-9393, <smallcraftadviser@thegrid.net>.

Open Water Rowing is published 8 times a year, subscription is \$20US from them at P.O. Box 246, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 841-5111, <david@openwater.com>.

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker is published 10 times a year, subscription is \$22US from them at P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, (978) 356-6112, <ack@shore.net>)



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

PWCs... The Beat Goes On

PWCs and Kids

Normal safety patrol, northbound on the ICW at 6 knots. Southbound 38' cruiser hails and we switch to a working channel. "One mile north of us," the cruiser radios, "there is a 9 year old on a PWC cutting on front of vessels' bows and then jumping wakes. He's going to get himself killed."

We notify the Station and get up on plane and in a very few minutes can see the PWC so we follow it to the dock.

In actual fact, the jet ski operator was not 9 but 10 years old. When we finally contact a parent it turns out that the PWC was purchased just yesterday "for the kids," that the other youngster was 17 and not eligible legally to operate a personal watercraft in this country without a state-approved boating safety course (offered by the Auxiliary), and, according to mother, the 10-year-old boy was operating the PWC without parental permission.

We talk to the boy and his mother about boating safety and tell the mother we have reported this to the Coast Guard who have notified the Sheriff's Department, and then continue on our patrol in confidence that this is the one PWC incident of the day.

Not So. Just as we dock at the local Coast Guard Station to pass on details (names, address, etc) of the first incident, there is much shouting and the loud (very loud) hailer comes into action. "PWC passing Coast Guard Station, report to this dock," and we are told to get underway. Fortunately, the PWC operator heard the call and responded, so we were not needed.

It turned out that the operator of the PWC had, as his passenger, a one-year-old baby! It seems that his wife wanted a morning off, told dad to take care of the child and this was his response. It further turned out that the Station crew could find no specific law to prevent a PWC operator from having a one-year-old passenger (though I suspect that criminal endangerment might apply). They did, however, persuade dad to take his baby home ASAP.

And that was the "excitement" for a five hour patrol. I'd like to think that just seeing our boat with patrol signboards and bright orange life jackets may have induced temperate operation in some other skippers, but we were out there just in case, "Semper Paratus".

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

PWCs & Proper Lookouts

A few observations on PWCs vis-a-vis big motor boats and motorcycles. Big motor boats exist to transport people at high speeds from here to there. I don't like them. They are big, fast, noisy, and throw up big wakes. But in general, their operators keep a proper lookout. Motorcycles generally operate on the road. Aside from the fact that they have a lot of power and not much weight, they operate pretty much like other vehicles on the road. Motorcycle operators are generally aware that other motorists may not see them and motorcyclists keep a very sharp lookout.

PWCs exist, are designed, and intended to cut doughnuts and jump wakes. During these maneuver's, the PWC's operator is focused on objects very close to it. However, PWCs are fast, and the operator should be looking for obstacles further out. In short, when used as intended, the PWC operator does

not (and probably cannot) keep a proper lookout. This is one reason why PWCs routinely collide with docks, rocks, the shore, swimmers, and other boats. Such collisions produce bad injuries and fatalities, usually, but not always to the PWC operator.

I have seen numbers which indicate that PWCs are involved in a disproportionate number of boating fatalities, and I suspect that a large portion of the increase in boating fatalities is attributable to the proliferation of PWCs.

PWC accidents have unfortunate consequences for other boaters: You may become involved in a collision with a PWC. You may get hurt; your boat will be damaged; there will be forms to fill out; time taken away from boating; and possible litigation. A bad scene. It was once my misfortune to be on the scene of a boating fatality. I wasn't involved and didn't know the victim, but it spoiled my whole day. Increases in boating fatalities gives more ammunition to do-gooders who want to regulate us. It is probably too late and there is too much money involved to ban PWCs. Too bad.

John Trussell, Columbia, SC

PWCs & Violent Dangerous Operation

The purpose of this letter is to comment on the proliferation of PWCs. I do not like to use this euphemism, which I suspect was designed to obscure the fact that they are violent, dangerous and destructive to the environment (PWC is the approved jargon, the popular term "jet ski" is actually the name of a specific make of PWC, so I do not use it as a generic term. Editor). Even operated in what some would call a "responsible" manner, one needs little imagination to picture what would happen to the family of otters I saw in the lake recently, or to spawning fish when one of these is driven mindlessly around the shore of a lake.

Let me recount with no exaggeration or elaboration, two incidents which happened on the lake where I live. Early on a beautiful Sunday morning, I was fishing from my canoe when out of the channel leading to the launching ramp, came a PWC. Proceeding up the shore, the operator went into a series of violent sharp turns made to create maximum noise and commotion. This went on for fifteen or twenty minutes, concentrated mostly just off shore from an upscale development.

On another occurrence, I was sailing my little sloop and up from the south came a jet ski which circled me closely twice, making huge waves which I had to deal with. I'm sure this isn't typical behavior for most jet ski owners, but it did little to improve my opinion of them.

Forest L Phelps, Lake Placid Florida

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"Ego Alley"

The picture of "Ego Alley" at Annapolis in "Six Day Cruise Down the Chesapeake Bay", in the August 1 issue brought back memories of when I lived in a tiny apartment overlooking said Alley in the early sixties. Back then I think it was just called the City Dock where the skipjacks and other work boats tied up.

One evening whilst walking home I saw a crowd of people at the end of the dock where the fish market used to be. They were all watching a very smart, very expensive cruiser of about 50' maneuvering so as to turn around and head back out. Back aft there were about half a dozen men and women; the men in blazers and ladies in dresses, all with cocktail glasses in hand. This was obviously their little ego trip. It was a fairly quiet evening as the crowd on shore watched the skipper work the boat back and forth. Then some wag in the crowd called out, "I say, have you any Grey Poupon?" The crowd roared with laughter as the cruiser sailed off. The company on board seemed not at all amused.

John Roomes, Sidney, OH

Information Wanted...

Blacks in American Sailing Scene

I am writing a story for my grandchildren about African Americans in the American sailing scene, in particular I am looking for information about Blacks serving in the Union Navy during the Civil War. The only African American reference source I have access to is *Africana, the Encyclopedia of the African and African American Experience*, in which it is noted on page 454 that Blacks "...enlisted in the Union Navy which had always allowed Blacks to serve. By the end of the Civil War roughly 9,000 Blacks fought as sailors..."

I am hopeful that some readers may be able to help me in my search for this information.

Brandon Aster Jones, EF-122216; G3-77, Georgia Diagnostic Classification Prison, P.O. Box 3877, Jackson, GA 30233

Opinions...

Think About Hull Shape for Sleeping

Persons building a rowing boat for trips unknown might well think about the hull shape for sleeping aboard. Purely by chance I found the Whitehall wineglass underbody lines marvelous for this purpose. My personal preference on rowing-camping trips is to sleep aboard whenever possible.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Enjoying Li'l Beauty

I had a lot of fun building one of Walter Head's Li'l Beauty kayaks from his manual over four or five weeks of evenings after work, and my wife and I have had even more fun enjoying the result on local rivers and lakes as the photo shows. With two of us aboard it draws only 3" and so we can get into lots of interesting places. We sit on boat cushions so do not need seats.

I got creative with the cockpit design and have since added Naugahyde to the bow and stern and plastic strips to protect the edges on both sides.

We draw a lot of attention wherever we go with the kayak, it's really unique. It paddles very easily, steers very well and is much more stable than a canoe because of the low center of gravity.

Using the kayak paddles was easier to learn than we expected, my wife much prefers it to canoe paddling. By taking turns paddling we can go for miles without getting worn out.

Walter sells his manual for only \$16 from Hobbyscraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692.

Mike Sanford



This Magazine...

Astounded & Pleasantly Surprised

I was astounded and very pleasantly surprised that you elected to put my boat *Amenity* on the cover of the August 1 issue. She thanks you, all 5hp of her.

Bill Zeitler, Wilmington, DE.

Thrilled to See Old Boat

I was thrilled to see my old boat *Caribe* (now *Gadfly*) in the WoodenBoat Show report in the August 15 issue. I purchased this boat in Salem, Massachusetts in 1968 and kept her at the Bass Haven YC in nearby Beverly until 1986.

When I bought her, she had an inappropriate '50s style cabin which I removed and replaced with one more suitable to the '20s. The conversion looked good from shore, and *Carib* gave my family many happy hours afloat.

In 1986 I sold her to Tom Cavanaugh who did a nice job with yet another redesign and renamed her *Gadfly*. This project so stimulated Tom that he now has a new career as president of Preservation Shipyard in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Oliver Brett, Beverly, MA

Thanks From Springfield Yacht & Canoe Club

Thank you for the great job in printing our 150th Anniversary story, along with your kind comments on your Commentary page, in the June 1 issue. We had a great celebration with dignitaries, food, on water demos and lots of fun for the kids as well as the adults. Local Fire and Rescue departments showed off jet boats and hovercraft, and a chapter of Bay State Woodies brought some wonderful wooden boats and even gave rides. Couple that with a few local dealers and everyone spent time on the water in power, sail, rowing or paddling craft.

Jim Munsie, Director, Springfield Yacht & Canoe Club, Agawam, MA

Subscriber Directory?

Have you ever considered publishing a voluntary directory of subscribers? I have often wondered if there were other subscribers in my area. My church has such a directory which is very useful.

If the idea seems to have merit, a short info data form could be printed in the magazine for subscribers wishing to be listed to fill out and return.

John Parks, Sacramento, CA

(Editor Comments: I really don't want to get into this sort of data distribution because of the time demands it would create. I also wonder if many subscribers would find this something they would want to have. Comments, anyone?)

Useful Information...

Snow Job

Got my new (used) Melonseed skiff home and it's turned out to be everything everyone's ever said about them, and more. It was so hard to part with my Cape Dory 14, but the Melonseed is a wonderful replacement indeed, and much better suited to our shallow mid-western lake.

Lusting over the Melonseed's exquisite wooden mast and spars, I knew that I would want to take special care in storing them over winter, so I came up with an interesting solution. The spars turn out to fit great in a couple of bags I had which were designed to carry snow skis. A ski bag on one end of the spars, and another over the other end, and they were then snug as a bug. I then hung the entire package in the garage confident that they'll survive the winter nicely.

Steven Rossi, Lower Straits Lake, Commerce Township, MI

Everything Has Flotation

We all know that foam flotation gives you about 59 pounds per cubic foot of buoyancy. But keep in mind that it must be below water to give you anything.

At the other end of the scale, how much flotation does lead give you? What? Well, lead weighs 710 pounds per cubic foot and that displaces one cubic foot of water, which weighs 62 pounds per cubic foot. This doesn't seem like much until the water is up to your lower lip.

Everything is "flotation" to some degree. Let's look at a few items"

Material:	Pounds/ Cubic Foot
Lead	710
Steel	490
Aluminum	170
Fiberglass	95
Water	62
Teak	60
Diesel Fuel	53
White Oak	52
Gasoline	45
Mahogany	36
Pine	35
Plywood	34
Fir	32
Cedar	21
Cork	15
Balsa	10
Foam	3
Air	0

A few other numbers may be of interest: One gallon of (fresh) water equals 0.134 cubic feet and weighs 8.34 pounds. One cubic foot of any liquid (fuel or water) equals 7.48 gallons. Gasoline and diesel fuel weigh 6 pounds per gallon.

Jim Betts, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ

Budget Oar Grips

When I got my shell out after a long lay-off I found the rubber hand grips on the oars (sculls) were split, loose and deteriorated. It was Saturday and I wanted to row.

So, I had some carpet tape, which is a strong tape, wide and sticky on both sides. You can get this at the hardware store even on Sunday. I wrapped this around the wood hand grip then cut strips of terry cloth from an old towel and wrapped that around the tape and, presto, I had a very useable hand grip.

Some people like the wood grip but those on oars are usually too small. Just a 1/8" thick wrapping enlarges the grip diameter 1/4", which is a lot. If this is still not enough there is a thicker double stick tape meant to hang pictures, using this, and it can be doubled, you can enlarge the diameter of the grip a lot more. It is also possible to double the terry cloth with another layer of the carpet tape between.

This made a really good grip and will last longer than you might imagine. I find that rowing suppliers are always offering new material grips, but I don't particularly like some of these. Grips cost a lot and are usually not available locally, requiring getting in touch with distant suppliers not reachable on weekends and it is expensive to have them ship overnight UPS if you do reach them.

Stephen duPont, Old Saybrook CT

Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Assn Sea Kayak Trip Difficulty Ratings

Level 1: No previous kayak experience is required.

Level 2: You should feel comfortable paddling 6 miles in a day, performing a wet exit, performing a self rescue, performing an assisted deep water rescue, maintaining a heading for short distances without the use of a rudder, turning a kayak using forward and reverse sweep strokes.

Level 3: You should be able to perform skills listed above plus paddle 10 miles in a day, paddle in 10-15 knot winds, and 2'-3' waves.

Level 4: You should be able to perform the skills listed above plus paddle 15 miles in a day, paddle in 20 knot winds, handle large ocean swells

Level 5: You should be able to perform the skills listed above plus paddle 20+ miles in a day, and paddle in 25 knot winds.

Rhode Island Canoe & Kayak Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857, (401) 647-2293, <callsworth@ric.edu>

Another Submarine Story

I enjoyed the article by Admiral Sandroni on the submarine *Macalle* in the August 1 issue and it reminded me of a book I read many years ago, *Under the Red Sea Sun*, by Commander Edward Ellsberg.

Ellsberg had just retired from the Navy when WWII broke out and he was immediately recommissioned and offered the job of cleaning up at Pearl Harbor or at Massana, Eritrea, where the Italians had scuttled lots of ships to make the base useless to the Allies. He chose the Massana job and tells the story with vigor and clarity.

Ellsberg was the inventor of the underwater cutting torch. He has also written other books on his salvage assignments, the submarine S-51 sunk near Block Island, Rhode Island, was one I believe. I loved his books, he made his salvage operations understandable. At Massana it wasn't just the engineering challenge though, the heat, and motivating the local help were big problems too.

Jim Casey, Newport, RI

A Glimpse of Yulohing

While viewing a pleasant, sub-titled foreign family film entitled *Iron & Silk*, which deals with a young American who travels to China in the '80s to teach English, I spotted a brief sequence showing a Chinese boatman yulohing a long pirogue-like narrow boat through some pretty exotic waterways. He operated the long oar to starboard from a seat in the rear with his two feet, while paddling on the port side with a paddle, both for steering and to balance the effort from the long oar.

Bruce Norcross, 39 Kilmer Rd., Vestal, NY 13850

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Pre-departure from Pier 40 at West Houston St., Manhattan.

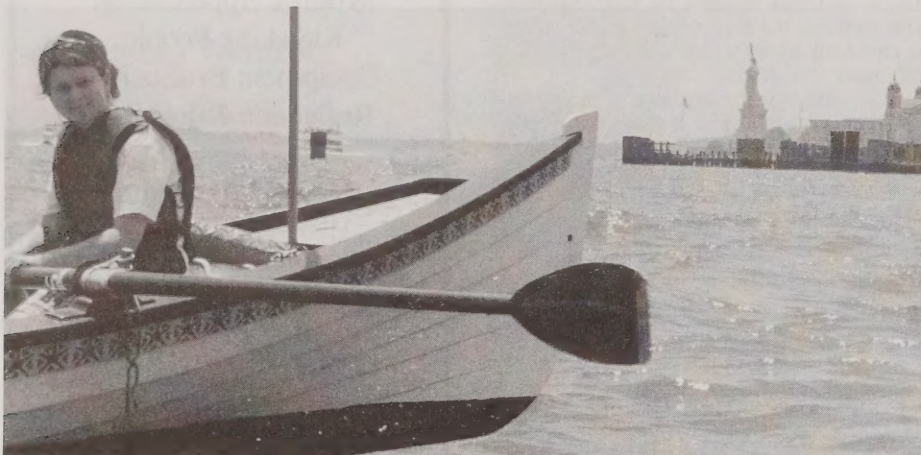
Messing About OpSail

With Floating the Apple & East River C.R.E.W.

By Mary Nell Hawk



Crossing lower New York harbor in one of our Whitehall gigs.



Bow oar "out of the water" in the harbor chop.

Entering Liberty Park, home of the Statue of Liberty.



Forecasts of hordes of powerboat spectators, and appropriate Coast Guard advisories and requirements resulted in both of our rowing groups' decision to stay off the water on July 3 and 4. Happily, other activities on July 3 and some great rowing on July 2 and 5 did occur.

On Sunday, July 2, Whitehall gigs from Floating the Apple rowed from Pier 40, West Houston Street on the Hudson River across New York Harbor to Liberty State Park, New Jersey, for "Ships to Save the Waters", a conference with music hosted by the sloop *Clearwater* (NY), the schooner *Ernestina* (MA), and the Delaware Bay Schooner Project's *A.J. Meerwald* (NJ).

The row to New Jersey took about an hour, including waiting time for an ocean liner to pass. Our two Whitehalls were delighted by an opportunity to tie up alongside the schooner *Ernestina* at Liberty Landing Marina, enjoy a wonderful welcome and tour of ship, and spend the next three hours enjoying the waterfront park and conference while waiting for the tide to turn.

On Monday July 3, East River C.R.E.W. (Community Recreation & Education on the Water) sponsored a "Spectator Event" for viewing the Class B & C Tall Ships' Parade down the East River. Set up at the north end of Carl Schurz Park on Manhattan's Upper East Side, the location was near where East River C.R.E.W., a nonprofit group, would like to see a community boathouse and youth rowing program.

East River C.R.E.W.'s other fun activities for adults and children included: Making and floating tin foil boats; point/non-point source pollution, also seen at C.R.E.W.'s Earth Day NY exhibit at the South Street Seaport in April; marine chalk drawings; free T-shirt raffle entry if you can guess which one of ten fish does not come into the East River; a photo contest for Best Photos of Tall Ships and Best Photos of Spectators.

East River Crew, Inc. seeks to impart a love for, and an understanding of, the waters of the East River Community of New York City, with the idea that learning about and using the river will promote future generations' protection of it. Public access to urban waterways has been lost as boathouses and piers have deteriorated over the years, and East River C.R.E.W. hopes that can change.

On July 5 from 5:30 till dusk it was back to Floating the Apple's weekly "Wednesday Rowing" from Pier 40 on West Houston Street. "Wednesday Rowing" is open to any and all who show up willing to wear a PFD, sign an insurance waiver, and help get the Whitehall gigs in and out of the water. On this Wednesday, we had the additional pleasure of getting to view, from both the pier and the water, Class B and C sailing vessels anchored on or near Pier 40 during OpSail.

As with all Wednesday rowing events, trained coxswains take charge of each boat and rowers at all levels of ability are welcome to try out rowing for the first time, or come back to improve their skill. The experience is notable since tide and current are different each week and determine how far and in which direction the row will happen. On July 5, low water was at 6:16pm with the current flowing at 2.5 knots. Essentially this meant on July 5 we could row upriver with great difficulty about 50 yards, and then back very quickly into the calmer waters between Pier 40 and its

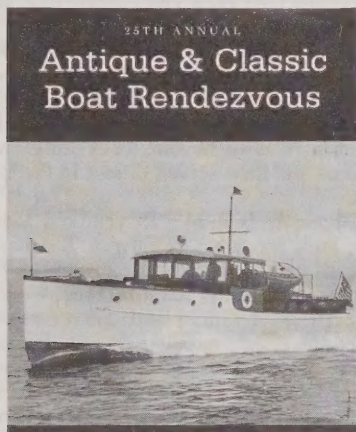
neighboring pier. Another option was simply going out and rowing in place. On a day with slack water we can row over a mile and back in the same two hours.

And what did I do on July 4, you might ask? Watched the excellent PBS and local TV coverage of the rest of the OpSail events!

East River C.R.E.W., 509 East 77th St., Apt. 2A, New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-2198, 255-1146 (h), (212) 382-6835 (w), <MNOP@worldnet.att.net>



Rafting up with the tall ship *Ernestina* at Liberty Park Marina.



Antique and Classic Boats Gather at Mystic

By Jim Lacey

Shortly after noon on Sunday, July 23, *Sabino*, Mystic Seaport's 1908 coal-fired steamboat, led a parade of the watercraft participating in the 25th annual Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous from the Seaport down the Mystic River toward the village of Noank at the mouth of the river. As soon as the steamer had sounded one long and three short blasts on her whistle and chugged out of her berth, the Dixieland jazz band aboard struck up to the tune of *Down by the Riverside*. The atmosphere aboard the classic boats on parade, as well as among the onlookers ashore, was upbeat and festive. After fifteen minutes of backing and maneuvering because of the railway bridge holding closed for a late train, the grand procession was underway.

Upwards of fifty craft participated. The largest? *Belle*, a 77' power cruiser out of New-

port, Rhode Island. The smallest? *Little Squirt*, a 15'6" Chris Craft runabout from Branford, Connecticut. The oldest? The 1903 *Rosalind of St. Ives*, an English fishing lugger. According to the rules all boats had to have been constructed of wood and have made the passage to Mystic Seaport under their own power.

Handsome motor yachts of the 20s and 30s were well represented, as were classic sloops, ketches, and yawls. On parade were a Sparkman and Stephens yawl, a Crocker ketch, a Herreshoff Newport 29, an Alden Malabar VI, a Consolidated commuter, a Lawley yawl, a Casey motorsailer, a Nicholson launch, and a number of boats from Elco and Chris Craft, and many, many more.

I did not stay late enough to learn the official winners of distinction in various categories, but I will offer my following unofficial awards:

To Mystic Seaport's recently acquired L.F. Herreshoff 29'6" ketch *Quiet Tune* for being the sweetest, sweetest sailboat on parade; to the 75'6" Consolidated commuter *Jem* for her gleaming mahogany, resplendent brass, and elegant glass work, furniture, and fitting;

and to the sensibly painted motor cruiser *Scarlet* for the crew, including the young woman in a scarlet dress, who were the most exuberantly enjoying themselves. The Grand Prize would have to go to the 63' fishing lugger *Rosalind of St. Ives*, for being both the the most ancient and classic and the furthest from her home port, St. Ives, England.

Many of the boats on parade no doubt still make passages like their more recent fiberglass counterparts, and serve family and friends as elegant pleasure craft. Some of them, however, appear to be mostly for display, as works of art. "Just what do you do with a boat like that?" a woman from Texas asked, as a luxurious commuter passed in review. "You bring her to Mystic Seaport's Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous," was my reply.

After experiencing a few lovelorn pangs, I had to admit that any of these beauties would require more time, cash and patience than I am able or willing to expend, even if the boat were gratis. Still, I felt an emotion different from what one feels for a great work of art. Not envy, really. Can one have nostalgia for something never experienced first hand?

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Camden is home to boats of every conceivable size and shape, but the matriarchs are the huge old windjammers.

My brother Bert has long been after me to dip my toe into cruising waters. We both have sailed since we were kids. But I've been into small boat day-sailing and racing around the buoys, while he, for the last 30 years, has been into annual two and three week cruises off the coast of Maine with Allen Goldman, a friend from college days.

In the past, I've always thanked him for his kind offer to join the cruise with Allen, but declined. I really don't know why. Maybe I felt I'd miss some good sailing in my own boat, currently a 16' Wayfarer. Maybe I would rather be captain than crew. Maybe I didn't know how I would handle the total immersion that cruising requires.

But this year, when Bert again offered, I decided to say yes. I'm 73, Allen and Bert are just a few years younger. I wanted the bonding experience. If not now, when? Allen and Bert agreed, in deference to me, to reduce my part of the cruise to a one-week tour of Penobscot Bay.

And so, on a pleasant June Sunday, I kissed Marian goodbye at LaGuardia Airport and boarded a Business Express plane for Portland. Bert was waiting in the baggage area when we arrived, having come from Philadelphia. We found Peter, our Mid-Coast Limo driver, and I hauled my not inconsiderable baggage to the van.

I say "not inconsiderable" because Bert had warned me that the weather was unpredictable. He said it could go down to the

Skipper Allen Goldman (at the helm) and Bert Wolfson view the sights at Castine Harbor.



First Cruise for a Confirmed Daysailer

By Harold Wolfson

mid-thirties at night, be hot at noon, and rain and blow at any time. So, I took boots, slicker, gloves, stocking cap, ski sweater, flannel pajamas, plus warm weather clothes and a host of other stuff that added up to a lot of weight.

Allen has a beautiful feng-shui influenced house overlooking Penobscot Bay, with lots of wonderful art objects collected by his wife, Rachel. But we were not to rest and enjoy this just yet. Off we went to the local bakery and supermarket to get provisions.

Bert's wife, Lorie, is a fabulous cook who never prepares the same guest meal twice and she provided Bert with a series of menu options. Since Bert and Allen were to continue cruising after I left, the volume of purchases consumed the trunk and most of the back seat of the car.

That evening, Bert and I were guests of honor at a cocktail party attended largely by a group of local cruising sailors and their wives with whom Bert, Allen and Rachel have spent time on and off the water. All assured me that Allen was a very conservative skipper and that I would really enjoy the Bay and its islands.

The next morning, we loaded our provisions into a launch and headed to the permanent float where *Nepenthe* was tied. All around were boats of every conceivable size and shape, all in band-box condition. But dominating the scene, profiled against Mt. Battie, were a half-dozen windjammers, bearing such names as *Surprise*, *Angelique* and *Grace Bailey*. They were the matriarchs of the harbor.

Allen and Bert laid in the supplies, while I went back to the dock and removed rainwater from the inflatable dink that was to be tethered to *Nepenthe's* stern. Then I pumped more air into it and rowed it out to the float.

We discovered that the boat yard, which had been instructed to deliver *Nepenthe* in charter condition, had failed to fill the drinking water tanks, so we motored to the dock to do that. Allen mentioned that the same yard had forgotten to install the roller reefing mainsail. But when notified of that omission they quickly sent a worker to do it. Allen

looked at the diesel fuel dipstick and said it looked okay.

It was decided that with the existing 2pm breeze registering 16-20 knots, we would motor to our first destination, Pulpit Harbor, some 8 or so miles to our east. I guess Allen and Bert wanted to ease me into the new experience. Allen threaded us expertly between close moorings and we followed two windjammers out of the harbor.

At six knots on the nose into the wind, we had spray flying off the bow and little wraiths found their way to the cockpit. We put on sweaters and enjoyed the view of Penobscot Bay with its occasional white or tanbark sails in the distance. Two ospreys greeted us from atop Pulpit Rock and we moved into the harbor, enjoying the view of a lovely red farmhouse with beautiful meadows around it. We passed an English sloop with a self-steering vane above the transom. Everyone was below. There didn't seem to be many other boats here for the night.

Allen's mooring was 200 yards from the east shore, near a charming old house where two women were reading on the lawn. There were a number of boats to our north, near shore. Most seemed to belong to residents of houses we could see, partially screened by ever-present pine trees. Two ospreys took turns watching us from tree tops.

While Allen and I had wine and crackers in the cockpit, Bert warmed up an already roasted chicken, boiled some potatoes and prepared a salad with balsamic vinegar dressing. Bert, who was to be our week-long cook, joined us and then served dinner in the main cabin.

Nepenthe is a 34', 15 year old Mason sloop, built for Allen in Taiwan. She has an 11' beam and main cabin headroom of 7', a very comfortable and beautiful boat. We were all sleepy after dinner and conversation. I washed the dishes in cold water as the water heating system wasn't working, a surprise to Allen. I wondered whether his boat yard was sending us a message. My wife later told me I should have heated up kettles of hot water for dishwashing and I lost points for using only cold water. But my mates didn't mind, or didn't want to embarrass me, and we went to sleep happy and cozy.

We slept well, rising at a bankerly 8am. Allen had the forward cabin and Bert and I shared the other. We stowed our bedding, took turns with the necessary, and had a leisurely breakfast in the cockpit, enjoying the beautiful surroundings, the bright sun and bird calls.

Sails hoisted, we headed east for Castine. The southwest wind was light and we alternately sailed and motored. The wind veered easterly and rose to about 12 knots. The boat moved well upwind, but mostly through the effort of the 130% genoa. The main fluttered a lot and wouldn't remain full even with the boom pulled taut amidship. We knew that one remedy might be to flatten the mainsail. But this was difficult for two reasons. First, there were no battens in the main because it was designed to furl into the mast. Second, because of insufficient distance between the boom and the deck, there was no way to install an effective boom vang.

Allen said a friend, an old salt, had told him that the only way to flatten the main was to pull the midship traveler far to windward. We tried that and the sail became suitably full with no fluttering. That was the good news.

The bad news was the main did not seem to produce much noticeable forward thrust. It acted like a vane, possibly offsetting the genoa's tendency to push the bow to leeward. That was its only contribution. I decided that big boats must have somewhat different sail dynamics than what I'm used to and I put the matter out of my mind for the moment.

We passed two lug-sailed dories from a nearby Outward Bound program, each with two pair of oars in the oarlocks, though not being used. Each boat seemed to have about 10 teenagers aboard in yellow foul weather gear. I was amazed the boats were able to move so close to the wind. But they were no match for *Nepenthe*. We waved to each other as we passed.

The wind held and we made good time under sail for a couple of hours. We arrived at Castine and proceeded under power, enjoying the views of the lovely old town, its boats, houses, steeple and the Maine Maritime College. Ahead of us was a windjammer, with exuberant, brightly dressed passengers aboard. We passed them as their boat dropped anchor and we waved and cheered to each other.

Allen went below, popped open his lap-top computer and began advising on appropriate heading from one marker to the next. Soon we dropped anchor with 140' of line at Smith's Cove. Bert made herb-blackened swordfish steaks with rice and salad for dinner. I did my usual dishwashing and clean-up. Allen had had some surgery done to his hand recently and couldn't immerse it in water.

Allen was a gifted conversationalist, with a wealth of knowledge about many things, from Greek mythology to mapping the genetic code. An M.D., now retired, he had spent nearly all of his working life as a researcher in pediatrics. He described why, with the cracking of the genome chain, we would begin to see some major advances in medicine. I was impressed with the work he personally had accomplished and the many noted scientists he had worked with.

Again the next day, up at about 8am, a leisurely breakfast, a discussion between Bert and Allen as to our day's destination, then motoring until the arrival of a breeze at about 2pm, when we hoisted sail. This day was no different from the preceding ones until mid-afternoon when it began to get dark, with rising wind and noticeable wave action from the northeast. We were in Eggemoggin Reach, about two miles off Center Harbor. The wind continued to increase to 25 or 26 knots with heavier gusts. Whitecaps appeared and the rigging sang. Allen and Bert decided we should lower sail and motor to shelter.

The engine, however, had other ideas. Though it cranked over and ran, it provided no real power. Allen tried a number of steps to get it to behave but to no avail. He checked the fuel dipstick and we could see it was brown. But what else could it be. On a hunch, I ran a Kleenex over the dipstick. There was no fuel stain. We dipped it back in the engine, removed it, wiped it and again could not draw a stain. It was dry: we were almost out of fuel, not what we wanted to learn.

Allen said he had two 6 gallon jugs of spare fuel in the cockpit lockers. But with the wind and waves barely manageable, it probably would be better to find shelter under sail. We all agreed. We split up tasks. Allen was strategist. I'd be helmsman and Bert, because he was tall and strong, would handle the main



Youth from Outward Bound heading to an island to camp for the night.



With all tanbark sails filled, cruising schooner *Angelique* was a vision of an earlier time on Penobscot Bay.

and the genoa sheets.

Allen made a specific navigational plan. We would aim for Conary Island between Campbell's Island and Oak Point, roughly two miles into the wind. The high winds, fading light and densely packed lobster traps made steering and particularly tacking very difficult. Occasionally, when we came about, the sheet of the genoa would catch on a mast winch or some other object, making freeing it under tension a nightmare. Spilling the wind helped, but this raised the possibility of being caught in irons. Two of us sometimes had to rush forward and rescue the sheet, bruising and abrading our hands.

We finally arrived at our destination, feeling relieved and a bit frayed. We dropped anchor, then realized we were too close to shore in event the wind backed. We raised anchor and reset it farther out. After this harrowing and somewhat unsettling day, we headed for the cabin and Bert made a comforting dish of stir-fried peppers and onion pasta and salad. We had extra rations of grog that night. Bert regaled us with tales from his many years in the law and we settled in for the night with the wind howling, the boat rolling and rain pelted the deck. But inside *Nepenthe* we were

comfortable and dry.

The anchor held and in the morning we faced a grey sky and fog, with less than a mile of visibility. Since our next stop was to be the Merchant Islands, a tricky area for navigation in fog, Allen suggested we remain at Conary Island till the fog lifted. We read, talked, listened to National Public Radio, had lunch and by 3pm things had improved. We poured the 12 gallons of spare fuel into the tank and motored off. We exited Eggemoggin Reach, passed through Deer Island Thoroughfare, passed Stonington and headed for Billings Marine for refueling. We had called ahead by cell phone and a pleasant blond young man was waiting for us. The inner enclosure at Billings was rather tight and there were other boats present including a handsome 70' yawl. But Allen expertly piloted us in. This was the only time during our week's cruise that we touched shore.

With fresh fuel and water, we motored to a lovely spot at Coombs Island in the Merchants and dropped anchor. As with some of our other overnight stops, there were few other boats in view and no houses. Several miles to our east we could see two indefatigable Outward Bound boats bucking a headwind and



Nepenthe refuelling at Billings Marine in Stonington.



The windjammer *Heritage* ghosts into beautiful Pulpit Harbor, the yawlboat hung off her stern provides engine power when needed. Many of the Penobscot dude schooners have not been fitted with engines.

tide. In another direction, more than a mile away, there was a sloop moored behind an island. "This is the beauty of cruising in early June," Bert said. "No crowds. In the summer, many of these places are wall-to-wall boats."

The next morning, we decided to head to Vinalhaven, pass through Fox Island Thoroughfare and on to Perry's Creek where Allen had a mooring. We motored through the Merchants and then had a lively wind to sail to Perry's Creek. The creek was a picturesque little estuary with pleasant houses that had lawns reaching to the water. We methodically examined every mooring, including several owned by sailing buddies of Allen, but there was no *Nepenthe* mooring. "I guess the yard forgot," Allen said.

Bert was up in arms. "How can you stay with that yard?" he asked.

"They're nice guys and their prices are reasonable. I just don't like to harangue people," Allen said. "When I call something to their attention, they do it. All the yards make mistakes."

Bert smiled and shook his head, then suggested taking the "to do" list given to the yard

at decommissioning time and in June reviewing it line by line with them before accepting delivery. Allen agreed that was a good idea. The issue was not resolved for Bert but he let it go.

Our adjusted destination was Pulpit Harbor where we had been on the first night. On the way into Pulpit we followed a large schooner with tanbark sails and lively passengers aboard. After they dropped anchor, one of the passengers jumped overboard for a swim in the 54 degree water. He didn't stay long. A second schooner ghosted in and dropped anchor close to the first. Wood smoke rose from a stack in the first boat as supper was prepared.

Bert allowed that he really didn't want to do any serious cooking and would it be all right if he came up with a dinner salad. We agreed. Allen and I had our usual glass of wine while Bert put together a salad with smoked salmon and turkey. It was calm after dinner and in the fading sunlight the two schooners, and a third which had been in the harbor when we arrived, presented a vision of a previous century. The two ospreys which greeted us earlier in the week reappeared and after sev-

eral forays along the water, retired to their huge nest atop a bare pine.

All three schooners had left by the time we arose the next morning. Also, most of the other itinerant boats had gone. We motored out at low tide with Pulpit Rock, guarding the harbor, looking like a mini-mountain. We decided to head for Rockland Harbor, come about and then run along the coast past Rockport and into Camden. A ten knot wind came up from the southwest, our selected direction.

We decided to try an experiment to see if on this, our last day, we could figure out how to get more cooperation from the fluttery mainsail. Since we had exhausted most of the other remedies at hand, we decided to roller reef the genoa from its 130% configuration to 100-110%. Almost immediately, the mainsail responded. The wind rose a bit to 12 or 13 knots and we were able to sail 35 degrees off the wind at 4.8 knots, the main and jib working perfectly together. Allen was delighted. He said that the helm felt neutral and yet the boat seemed to eat to windward. We all agreed that insofar as jibs are concerned, more is not always better.

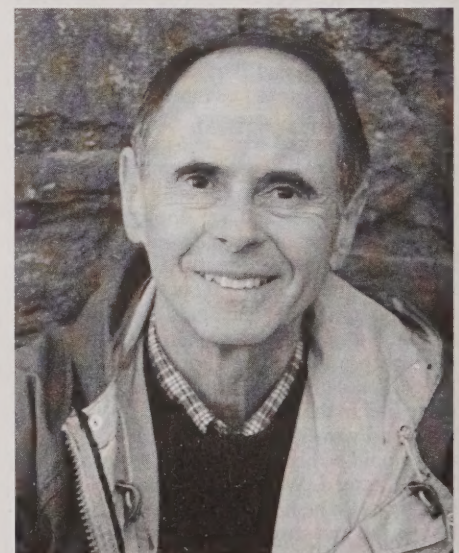
As we sailed homeward along the coast, Allen pointed out the sights, including the humongous residential compound of a Gatsby-like person who, at age 60 or so, had come back home to Camden with immense wealth and was busy making his influence felt. He also pointed out Curtis Island at the head of Camden Harbor, named after his wife, Rachel's, greatgrandfather.

We tied up at Allen's float, packed gear, collected our refuse, waved down the launch and came ashore. That evening we had dinner at Primo's in Rockland, the first meal in a week Bert didn't have to make. When we got back to Allen's and Rachel's place, I called Marian. We'd been out of touch since La Guardia.

"How did it go?" she asked.

Visions of the harbors we'd been to, the neat sailing afternoons, the pristine views and our wonderful, warm and personal conversations flashed through my mind. I didn't want to short change any of it. But all I could think to say was, "It was great."

"It was great," this devoted daysailor discovered that cruising has its own special charms.



Buying the boat was out of the question, I told my wife on that raw November day a dozen years ago. We were just going to look. But when the old salt dangled a deceptively attractive offer, I bit. Thus began a tale of nautical misadventure.

She was not very pretty as wooden boats go. Her spindly spar would stretch 40' above her 24' deck. She had hard chines and sinister looking ports. Lifeless yet foreboding, like shark's eyes. But she was mine and I was ecstatic!

The mast stepping operation was a complicated affair, which for reasons that now elude me, required that the boat be launched before stepping the mast. Tides, winds and seas had to be at their collective lows so that the ridiculously tall mast could be swung out from the pier on a davit and deftly lowered through a tiny hole in the deck house of a vessel which upon entering salt water had come alive. She tugged at her tether and butted the pilings like a penned bull.

Nevertheless we managed to hit the moving target and secure the tangle of shrouds and stays before the mast whiplashed itself to death. This was no easy task. Normally when a person drops something while working on deck there is a pretty good chance the object will land inboard. Such was not the case onboard the *Damn Foole*. Tools and clevis pins were forcefully ejected from my hands and propelled upward, outward and downward. Nothing ever landed inboard.

The next weekend we set out for a shake-down cruise. After bailing, etc. I set about bending on the sails for the first time. As I hauled on the main halyard I noticed that a shroud was about to part. Only a single strand remained intact. This was odd as none of the stainless wires showed signs of wear when the mast went up. As I sat there biting on a sandwich, drinking a beer and pondering the situation, the final strand let go.

Using the jib halyard as a makeshift replacement, I tied it off to the starboard chain plate. That seemed to work okay, so we decided to go sailing anyway. I hauled up the main and cast off. She slid away from the mooring, her large mainsail drawing nicely. She rode like an ark, with a sea kindly steadiness uncharacteristic of modern glass boats of similar length. This was, in spite of the events that followed, a most pleasant afternoon's cruise. It was also the last.

Next weekend, down at the wharf, I attempted to repair the broken shroud with a splice. In the interim, however, the *Damn Foole* had popped another one! I spliced the broken cables, working from the wharf, some 20' above the deck. Winds and seas rose steadily, hindering the process. Eventually the job was done and the mate and I were driving her back to the mooring as weather conditions worsened.

The two horse Johnson was pressed to make headway. So pressed, in fact, that it ran out of gas. I fumbled with the gas can and motor as we bobbed and weaved among the other boats in Nahant Harbor. About twenty percent of the gas poured into the outboard. The rest contributed to the environmental degradation of Massachusetts Bay. I pulled frantically on the starter rope and the Johnson sprang to life. But the force of the pull shifted the motor precariously on its mount. I found it impossible to straighten the motor, so I backed off a bit on the clamps. The running

The Last Recorded Voyage Of The *Damn Foole* (The Pennant Sloop, Not the Townie)

By Jim Salmon

outboard kept full tension on the mount.

Meanwhile the mate was at the bow fending off and hurling obscenities in my direction. The folly of my efforts now came to bear as the motor spun free of the mount. I made a mad plunging grab for it as it hit the water, but as I dove down the stern kicked upward. I watched the nearly new Johnson sink into thirty feet of blackness.

By God, I thought, I can still sail her back to the mooring, even in this weather! I threw off the sail ties, grabbed the halyard and hauled away. She rose about 10' before it became apparent that the halyard had been miss-routed around the newly spliced shroud. The sail would rise no higher than the first spreader. We were adrift in a rising storm and waning light. More fending and swearing. The good news was we were drifting toward the beach about a hundred yards off. Chris asked what was going to happen. I said we would head toward the beach until the keel hit bottom and heeled us over. Then we swim. We donned life jackets and waited. Abruptly the keel slammed down on a rock with teeth jarring force, then floated free. Looking up, I saw the Dory Club committee boat bearing down on us. They threw us a line and pulled us seaward seconds before the involuntary landfall. We managed to moor the boat and row ashore. As it turned out, that was the beginning of a major storm. The harbor master called the next day to inform us that the *Damn Foole* had been dismasted, and that her broken spar was a hazard to other boats.

The next episode in this dismal chronology was the mast restoration process, the tedious details of which shall be glossed over here. Acquisition of long grained Sitka spruce in dimensions suitable for the purpose was not a matter of a trip to Home Depot. The illusive commodity was eventually located in the possession of an aged, ill-tempered Italian woodworker who correctly ascertained my circumstance. I was a sailor and consequently had no regard for accumulation of wealth. He charged accordingly.

There were logistical difficulties. The boat was in Nahant and I lived in Holden, a three hour round trip. And there were technical difficulties. Of course I measured everything very carefully, but when she was back together all the shrouds, including ones that were not replaced, were several feet too long! It seems the length of the diagonal splice had not been taken into account. Back to the sneering Italian.

Time passed. The sloop was hauled out for winter and launched in the spring, still without her principle spar. Another phone call. The *Damn Foole*, having dried out during winter was awash to her gunwales. Eventually boat and mast were reunited in another hardware dunking ceremony. It was time for another shake down. Everything was snugged up tight.

Wife and daughter crewed. Wind was up so we tied in a reef, cast off and motored for open water. Then it happened. A loud CRACK! The bowsprit and part of the deck foretriangle had torn loose, slackening the forestay by 4'. The mast swayed wildly. We secured the mainsail, more or less, beat it back to the mooring and scrambled for the dinghy. The objective was to get away before the damn thing crashed down and killed us. As it was, we rowed the hundred yards to shore and stood by to watch the rig come down, tearing up much of the deck house on the way.

As one might surmise, by this point the ecstasy of ownership had pretty much dissipated. Divestiture proved to be no simple matter. You can't just give a boat like that away. Damn fools like me are hard to find. There must be a curse on this boat, I mused. Then I thought, "That's it!" There must be a thousand curses upon her. I myself had heaped many an epithet, and doubtless so had many a skipper before me. Imagine the cumulative effect of a thousand curses. Enough perhaps to invoke the forces of darkness. The boat, I now realized, was possessed. This was truly the sailboat from hell.

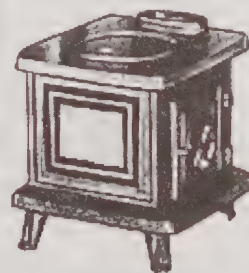
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As a brand new subscriber to *Messing About In Boats*, and indeed a brand new subscriber to the sentiment expressed in its name, I thought I'd explain exactly what brought me to this new addiction. So to begin with the beginning...

Ring ring. Grr...7am and the phone is ringing. I rubbed my eyes, yawned, and croaked a weak "hello" into the receiver, wondering why whoever this was didn't understand that a college kid two days into recovering from final exams didn't much relish the idea of waking up at 7am.

"Hi Beth!" chirped my eternally perky friend Emily, also a recently vacationed college kid (who apparently has better recovery skills than I do). "Want to work at the museum with me this summer?"

"Sure," I mumbled, not quite knowing what "the museum" was, not caring because I knew that if I agreed I could hang up the phone and go back to sleep. Little did I expect this to be the best sleep-deprived decision I have ever made in my life.

Two days and a good deal of phone tag later found me at the museum (which turned out to be the Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts) being interviewed by Lory Newmyer for a job about whose description I was still unclear. All I had were assurances from Emily that it's a good job, it's a fun job, and I'd love it. Well, the job turned out to be that of filling in (with Emily) a vacancy left for the Education Director.

And Emily was right, it was a great job and I did love it. And although I could not claim to be a rower or sailor by any stretch of the definition (rarely having set foot in a non-power boat), I was fascinated with learning about and imparting to others the heritage



My New Addiction

By Beth Howard

of seamanship present in the community and preserved in the museum. As if a great job weren't enough, I was lucky enough to be working with a handful of the most amazing, inspiring, and simply wonderful people I have ever met. So yes, I loved my job.

So there I was, happily doing some paperwork one day when Ed McCabe pulled up a chair, sat down, and said, "We need to get you out in a boat." So simple a statement, yet how my heart leapt! Rowing! I had secretly been longing for this, but felt too old for the novice youth crew and too inexperienced for the adult crew.

Well, for the next few weeks Lory, Ed, and Corinne Leung kept asking me to row and to my extreme disappointment my schedule and theirs kept conflicting. However, in my free time Ed let me steel wool and Deks Olje the rail of the pilot gig *Kittery*, and that's where I began to fall in love, if not with messing about in boats, at least with messing about with boats. So I checked out every book on boats in my library, pored through old copies of *WoodenBoat*, and photocopied my favorite articles in *Messing About In Boats*, still eagerly awaiting the day I would get to row.

Meanwhile at the museum we were all getting ready for the onslaught of people expected for Row2000. During one of the frequent impromptu staff meetings we realized that Emily and I had time off during almost the entire length of the Row2000 events, at which point we were urged to come take part in any way possible. Needless to say, I took these kind folks at their word and was among the first people to arrive and the last to leave each event for the first two days. I was thrilled: Many different rowers, many different boats, tons of small jobs for me, a wide array of knowledgeable (unsuspecting!) people whom I could deluge with my never-ending questions. Could this get any better? I soon found out that it could (and did).

Monday morning found me waking up bright and early (such a change from the days when I dreaded 7am phone calls!) to wait with Emily for the *Flying Cloud*, a ferry that would take us to George's Island to watch the third day of rowing festivities (island sprints for all the rowers, who had rowed out that morning from the boathouse in Hull). But first, some island activities. After Ed gave everyone an amazing tour of George's Island we all headed back to our picnic spot and ate lunch. Emily and I ate with Lory, Ed, and Corinne as they

planned the crews for the first set of races. My ears perked when Lory said "We're one woman rower short for the first sprints," and when I looked up she was looking at me with a gleam in her eye. Could this be my chance to row?

"Oh, I wouldn't do that to you, I wouldn't make you race the first time you ever row," said Ed, and the honor fell to Emily, who had a previous history of rowing with the youth crew. At first I was mostly disappointed, but then that miniscule part of me that represents rational thought told me it wouldn't be fair to put me in a boat with people who actually knew what they were doing and were trying to win a race. So I had a great time helping launch and pull in the boats, and was quite willing to call it a fun and successful day. After all, I got to be around boats, if not actually in them, and spent the day with many wonderful people from all over the world.

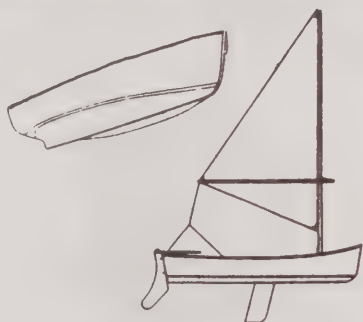
4pm. Those in charge were busy making crew lists for the row back home, and a guy had just offered me a ride in his powerboat when Ed sidled over and replied (before I could), "Wait, let's see how many injured rowers we have. Once again my heart soared, could this finally be my chance? Guess what? It was! I was escorted to the bow seat of the *Pilot* and told to listen carefully to Corinne, who was coxing. She told me as we left that all I should concentrate on for now was keeping on stroke with everyone else (who, gratefully, knew exactly what they were doing), that we'd work on technique as we went on.

The first half of the stretch between George's and the boathouse I concentrated very hard on making my oar move precisely with everyone else's. About halfway through I fell into a pleasing (I thought) rhythm, and began to notice that my white-knuckled grasp on the oar could be drastically reduced without ill effect, and that if I held my hands a bit differently I could further imitate the people in front of me by doing what I now know is called "feathering" the oar. I figured I was doing alright; I hadn't fallen out of stroke, no one had yelled at me, in fact no one had said a single word to me. Catch, release, catch, release. Then all of a sudden "Bow seat, two seat, I want you to ship your oars (what?) in two strokes and prepare to land us," instructed Corinne (Translation: Time for Beth to watch and imitate other people again!). But wait, what was this? It was over already? I want to row more! And thus an addict was born.

After exhausting the last semiplausible reason to remain at the boathouse that day, I drove home with a smile so big I don't think anything could have wiped it off my face. Since then I have rowed at every possible opportunity and have eagerly sought out anything I can do with, in, or around boats.

My introduction into the wonderful world of rowing is owed in full to the Hull Lifesaving Museum staff, and for this and much, much more I am eternally grateful. They are the nicest, most amazing group of people I know, and I would readily work with any of them again, at any time, on any endeavor (if it weren't for college I'd be there now!). I heartily encourage anyone who wishes to get more involved in any aspect of the maritime tradition along the South Shore to get in touch with these wonderful people! After all, to quote the oft quoted Water Rat, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

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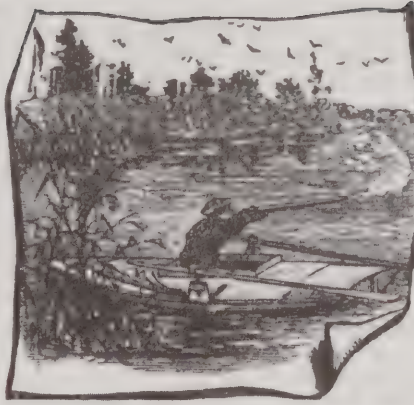
Leaving St. Marks, we rowed down the stream to the forks of the St. Marks and Wakulla rivers. The sources of the Wakulla were twelve miles above these forks, and consisted of a wonderful spring of crystal water, which could be entered by small boats. This curious river bursts forth as though by a single bound, from the subterranean caverns of limestone. Each of the several remarkable springs in Florida is supposed, by those living in its vicinity, to be the veritable "fountain of youth;" and this one shared the usual fate, for we were assured that this was the spring for which the cavalier Ponce de Leon vainly sought in the old times of Spanish exploration in the New World.

On Monday, March 13th, we left St. Marks River, and, as the north wind blew, were forced to keep from one to two miles off the land on the open Gulf to find even two feet of water. In many places we found rough pieces of coral rocks upon the bottom, and in several instances grounded upon them. As the wind went down, the tide, which on this coast frequently rises only from eighteen inches to two feet, favored us with more water, and by night we were able to get close to the marshes, and enter a little creek west of the Ocilla River, where, staking our boats along side the soft marsh, we supped on chocolate and dry bread, and slept comfortably in our little craft until morning.

We were now in an almost uninhabited region, where only an occasional fisherman or sponger is met; but as we pulled along the coast the day after our camp in the marshes, we were struck with the absence of any sign of the presence of man. We had hoped to meet with the vessels of sponge-gatherers anchored in the vicinity of Rock Island, to which place they resort to clean their crop; but when we passed the island in the afternoon, so scantily clothed with herbage, and upon which a few palms grew out of the shallow soil, it was deserted, while not a single sail could be seen upon the horizon of the sea.

My companion had not been well for several days, and he informed me at this late date that he was subject to malarial fever, or, as he called it, "swamp fever." It had been contracted by him while living on one of the bayous of southern Louisiana during a warm season. Swamp fever, when at its height, usually produces temporary insanity; and he alarmed me by stating that he had been deprived of his reason for days at a time during his attacks. The use of daily stimulants had kept up his constitutional vigor for several months; but as ours was a temperance diet, he gradually, after we left Biloxi and the regions where stimulants could be obtained, became nervous, lost his appetite, and was now suffering from chills and fever. He was much depressed after leaving St. Marks, and had long fits of sullenness, so that he would row for hours without speaking. I tried to cheer him, and on one occasion penetrated the forest a long distance to obtain some panacea with which to brace his unsettled nerves.

Saddles had deceived me as to the necessity of taking daily drams, which habit is, to say the least, a most inconvenient one for persons engaged in explorations of isolated parts of the coast, and voyaging in small boats; so we had both suffered much in consequence of his bad habit. To furnish one moderate drinker with the liquid stimulant necessary for a boat voyage from New Orleans to Cedar



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 12 From St. Marks to the Suwanee River

Along the Coast - Saddles Breaks Down
- A Refuge with the Fishermen - Camp
in the Palm Forest - Parting with
Saddles - Our Neighbor the Alligator

Keys, at least five gallons of whiskey, and a large and heavy demijohn in which to store it securely, must form a portion of the cargo. This bulk occupies important space in the confined quarters of a boat, every inch of which is needed for necessary articles, while the momentary and artificial strength given to the system is never, except as a remediable agent, productive of any real or lasting benefit. My unfortunate companion had become so accustomed to the daily use of liquor, and his shattered system had been so propped by it, that he had been like a man walking on stilts; and now that they were knocked away, his own feet failed to support him, and a reaction was the inevitable result.

After leaving Rock Island, and when about four miles beyond the Fenholloway River, while off a vast tract of marshes, poor Saddles broke down completely. He could not row another stroke. I towed his boat into a little cove, and was forced to leave him, with the fever raging in his blood, that I might search for a creek, and a hammock upon which to camp. Looking to the east, I saw a long, low point of marsh projecting its attenuated point southward, while upon it rose a signal-staff of the United States Coast Survey. A black object seemed heaped against the base of the signal; and while I gazed at what looked like a bear, or a heap of dark soil, it began to move, breaking up into three or four fragments, each of which seemed to roll off into the grass, where they disappeared.

I pulled for the point as rapidly as possible, for I hoped, while hardly daring to believe, that this singular apparition might be human beings. The high grass formed an im-

penetrable barrier for my curious vision; but nearing the spot, voices were plainly audible on the other side of the narrow point, as though a party of men were in lively discussion. Rowing close to the land, and resting on my oars to gain time to reconnoitre either friends or foes, the deep but cultivated voice of a man fell upon my ear. A patriot was evidently haranguing his fellow fishermen, who, after lunching beside the Coast Survey signal, and not observing the proximity of a stranger, had repaired to their boats on the east side of the marsh.

"Yes," came the tones of the orator through the high grass, yes, to this state have we Americans been reduced! Not satisfied with having ravaged our country, conquering BUT NOT SUBDUING our Confederate government, the enemy has put over us a CARPET-BAG government of northern adventurers and southern scalawags and NIGGERS. Fifty niggers sit as representatives of our state in the legislature of Florida, and vote in a solid body for whichever party pays them their price. They are giving away our state lands to monopolists, and we have tax bills like THIS one imposed upon us." Here the orator paused, apparently taking a paper from his pocket. "Here it is," he resumed, "in black and white. On a wild piece of forest land, and a few acres of clearing, (which they appraise at twenty-five cents, when it cost me only six cents and a quarter per acre,) I was saddled with this outrageous bill. I will read to you the several items:

MR. L. H..... DR.

To State Taxes proper, —	.70 on - -	\$100.00
General Sinking Fund, —	.30 " - -	100.00
Special Sinking Fund, —	.16 " - -	100.00
General School Tax, —	.10 " - -	100.00

Total State Tax, — 1.26 " - - 100.00

To County Tax proper, —	.50 " - -	100.00
County School Tax, —	.50 " - -	100.00
Special County Building Tax, —	.35 " - -	100.00
County Specific Tax, —	2.00 " - -	100.00

Total County Tax, — 3.35 " - - 100.00

Total State and County Tax, \$4.61 on - - 100.00

"You will find by these figures that I am compelled to pay a state and county tax, on an over-appraised property, amounting to four dollars and sixty-one cents upon every one hundred dollars I possess. Under this kind of taxation we are growing poorer every day of our lives. Now, gentlemen, can you censure me for detesting the Carpet-bag government of my native state after you have heard this statement? Rome in days of tyranny did no such injustice to her citizens. To be a Roman was greater than to be a king; and here let me remark— Bob Squash! what's that you are squinting at through the grass?" "Lor' sakes, Massa Hampton, I does b'lieve it's a man in a sort of a boat. I nebber see de like befo'!"

At this point the company struggled through the high grass and invited me to land. Being seriously alarmed for my companion, who was lying helpless in his boat half a mile away, I quickly explained my situation, and was at once advised to ascend Spring Creek,

on the east side of the point of marsh, to the swamp, where the orator said I would find his camp, and his partner in the fishing-business, who would assist me to the best of his ability. The orator promised to follow us after making one more cast with his seine for red-fish. I returned as fast as possible to Saddles, and trying to infuse his failing heart with courage, fastened his boat's painter to the stern of the duck-boat, and followed the course indicated by the fishermen.

Upon entering Spring Creek, with my companion in tow, we were soon encompassed on all sides by the marshes; and as the boats slowly ascended the crooked stream, the fringes of the feathery-crested palms appeared close to the margins of the savanna. The land increased in height a few inches as I followed the reaches of the creek, and, when a mile from its mouth, entered the rank luxuriance of a swamp, where, in a thicket of red cedars, palmettos, and Spanish bayonets, I discovered two low huts, thatched with palm-leaves, which afforded temporary shelter to Captain F., a planter from the interior, his friend the orator, and their employees both white and black. The kind-hearted captain understood my companion's case at a glance, and when our tent was pitched, and a comfortable bed prepared, Saddles was put under his care.

He could not have fallen into better hands, for the planter had gone through many experiences in the treatment of fevers of all kinds. It was indeed a boon to find in the unpeopled wilds a shelter and a physician for the sick man but the future loomed heavily before me, for though Saddles might improve, he would be pretty sure on the eighth day to have a return of his malady, and would probably again break down in a raving condition.

The camp was a restful and interesting retreat. To reach the spot, the fishing-party had been obliged to cut a road eight miles through a swampy district, in places building a rough crossway to make their progress possible. The creek had its sources in several springs, which burst from the earth just above the camp. The water was of a blue tint, and slightly impregnated with sulphur, lime, and iron. In this secluded place there was an abundance of deer and wild turkeys.

The early morning meal of these hunters and fishermen was a veritable déjeuner à la fourchette, for their menu included venison, turkey, sweet-potatoes, hoe-cakes made from fresh maize flour, and excellent coffee. Captain F. and an old negro woman remained in camp to clean and salt down the fish caught on the previous afternoon, while the orator and his party went down the creek in two long, narrow scows, loaded with two nets, their necessary fishing implements, and a hearty luncheon. Long poles were used to propel their craft. Upon meeting with a school of fish, they encompassed it with the two nets, each of which was three hundred feet long, and easily captured the whole lot, which was composed of several species.

When in luck, the fishing-party returned to the camp by noon; but when the wind interfered with their success, they did not reach their swampy retreat until night. After a rest, and a good warm supper, the orator and one of his white associates, each with his torch of resinous pine wood and well-loaded gun, would quietly traverse the silent forests and grassy savannas, luring to destruction the fascinated and unsuspecting deer. Thus stalking

through the darkness, and peering eagerly on all sides, the appearance of the fire-like globes of the deer's eyes, from the reflected light of the hunters' torches, was the signal to fire, which meant, with their unerring aim, death to their prey and future feasts for themselves.

With their venison these men served a very palatable dish made from the terminal bud of the palmetto known as the "cabbage," and from which the tree derives its name of "cabbage-palm." A negro ascended the palm and cut the bud at its junction with the top of the tree. It was then thrown to the ground, and climbing other trees, more followed in quick succession. When a sufficient quantity had been gathered, the turnip part, from which the tender shoot starts, was cut off and thrown aside, as it was bitter to the taste. The shoot, divested of this part, resembled a solid roll, from four to six inches in diameter. From this was unrolled and thrown aside the outer coverings, leaving the tender white interior tissues about three inches in diameter and fourteen inches in length. Thus divested of all objectionable matter, the cabbage could be eaten raw, though it was much improved by cooking, the boiling process removing every trace of the acrid, or turnip, flavor. These men ate it dressed in the same way as ordinary cabbage, and it was an excellent substitute for that dish. The black bear is as fond of the palmetto cabbage as his enemy the hunter. He ascends the tree, breaks down the palm-leaves, and devours the bud, evidently appreciating the feast. After the removal of the bud the tree dies; so this is after all an expensive dainty.

Captain F. had pre-empted a tract of one hundred and sixty acres of land, to cover the sources of Spring Creek, and it was his intention to resort to this camp every year during the mullet-fishing season, which is from September to January. The salted mullet is the popular market-fish with the back-country people, though the red-fish is by far the finer for table use.

While with these men, we were treated with the generous hospitality known only in the forest, but Saddles did not improve. He seemed to be suffering from a low form of intermittent fever, and looked like anything but a subject for a long row. Captain F. insisted upon sending the invalid in his wagon sixteen miles to his home, where he promised to nurse the unfortunate man until he was able to travel forty miles further to a railroad station. On the 15th of March, the party, having made their final arrangements, were ready to make the start for home. It was our last day together.

Circumstances over which I had no control forced me to part from Saddles. I furnished him with a liberal supply of funds to enable him to reach Fernandina, Florida, by rail, and afterwards sent him a draft for an amount sufficient to pay his expenses from Cedar Keys to New Orleans, as he abandoned all his previous intentions of returning to his old home in the north.

The *Riddle* with its outfit, and about sixty pounds of shot and a large supply of powder, I presented to the good captain who had so generously offered to care for my unfortunate companion. As I was to traverse the most desolate part of the coast between Spring Creek and Cedar Keys alone, I deemed it prudent to divest myself of everything that could be spared from my boat's outfit, in order to lighten the hull. I had made an estimate of chances, and concluded that four or five days would

carry me to the end of my voyage, if the weather continued favorable; so, on the evening of March 15, the little duck-boat was prepared for future duty.

The hunters and fishermen brought into camp the spoils of the forest and the treasures of the sea, while the grinning negress exerted herself to prepare the parting feast. Deep in the recesses of the wild swamp our camp-fire crackled and blazed, sending up its flaming tongues until they almost met the dense foliage above our heads, while seated upon the ground we feasted, and told tales of the past. Poor Saddles tried to be cheerful, but made a miserable failure of it; and his pale face was the skeleton at our banquet, for human nature is so constituted that a suffering man gains sympathy, even though he be only paying the penalty of his own past misdemeanors.

My boat was tied alongside the bank of the creek, close to the palmetto huts. There were only two feet of water in the stream as I sat in the little sneak-box at midnight and went through the usual preparations for stowing myself away for the night. I touched the clear water with my hands as it laved the sides of my floating home, but my gaze could not penetrate the limpid current, for the heavy shades of the palms gave it a dark hue. I thought of the duties of the morrow, and also of poor Saddles, who was tossing uneasily upon the blankets in his tent near by, when there was a mysterious movement in the water under the boat. Some thing unusual was there, for its presence was betrayed by the large bubbles of air which came up from the bottom and floated upon the surface of the water. Being too sleepy to make an investigation, I coiled myself in my nest, and drew the hatch-cover over the hold.

The next morning my friends clustered on the bank, giving me a kind farewell as I pushed the duck-boat gently into the channel of the creek. Suddenly Saddles, who had been gazing abstractedly into the water under my boat, hurried into the tent, and in an instant reappeared with the gun I had given him in his hands. He slowly pointed it at the spot in the water where my boat had been moored during the night, and drawing the trigger, an explosion followed, while the water flew upward in fine jets into the air. Then, to the astonished gaze of the party on the bank, an alligator as long as my boat arose to view, and, roused by the shock, hurried into deeper water.

It was now evident what the lodger under my boat had been, and I confess the thought of being separated from this fierce saurian by only half an inch of cedar sheathing during a long night, was not a pleasant one; and I shuddered while my imagination pictured the consequences of a nocturnal bath in which I might have indulged.

Having observed in different countries the habits of some of the individuals which compose the order SAURIA,—the lizards,—I will present to the reader what I have gleaned from my observation upon two species, one of which is the true alligator (*A. Mississippiensis*), the other the well-known true crocodile (*C. acutus*), which recently has been declared an inhabitant of the United States. It is only a few years since it was found living on the North American continent, for previous to its discovery in southern Florida, its nearest known habitat to the United States was the island of Cuba.

The order of lizards is separated into families. The family to which the alligators, crocodiles, and gavials belong, is called by naturalists CROCODOILO. The distinctions which govern the separation of the family CROCODOILO into the three genera of alligators, crocodiles, and gavials, consist of peculiarities in the shape of the head, in the peculiar arrangement of the teeth, webbing of the feet, and in some minor characteristics; for, outside of these not very important anatomical differences, the habits of the three kinds of reptiles are in most respects quite similar, some of the species being more ferocious, and consequently more dangerous, than others.

The alligator, also called caiman by the Spanish-American creoles, inhabits the rivers and bayous of the North and South American continents, while the crocodiles are natives of Africa, of the West Indies, and of South America. The fierce gavial genus is Asian, and abounds in the rivers of India. The alligator (*A. Mississippiensis*) and the crocodile (*C. acutus*) are the only species which particularly interest the people of the United States, for they both belong to our own fauna.

Our alligator inhabits the rivers and swampy districts of the southern states. I have never heard of their being found north of the Neuse River, though they probably ascend in small numbers some of the numerous rivers and creeks of the northern side of Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. The bayous and swamps of Louisiana and the low districts of Florida are particularly infested with these animals. The frequent visits of man to their haunts makes them timid of his presence; but where he is rarely or never seen, the larger alligators become more dangerous. During warm, sunny days this reptile delights in basking in the sunlight upon the bank of a stream for hours at a time. At the approach of man he crawls or slides from his slimy bed into the water, but if his retreat be cut off; or he become excited, a powerful odor of musk exudes from his body. During the winter months he hibernates in the mud of the bayous for days and weeks at a time. When the alligator enters the water, a pair of lips or valves close tightly, hermetically sealing his ears so that even moisture cannot penetrate them. His nostrils are protected in the same way.

As the season for incubation approaches, the female searches for a sandy spot, and digging a hole with her fore-feet, deposits there her eggs, which are somewhat smaller than those of a goose. They are usually placed in layers, carefully covered up in the sand, and if not disturbed by wild animals, are hatched by the heat of the sun. It frequently happens that the alligator cannot find a sand-bank in which to place her eggs, and on such occasions she scrapes together with her fore-feet grass, leaves, bark, and sticks, mixed with mud, and converting the whole into a low platform, deposits the eggs upon it in separate layers, each layer being sandwiched with the mixture of mud, sticks, &c., until more than one hundred white eggs, of a faint green tint, are carefully stowed away in the nest.

The exterior of the nest, which has a mound-like character, is daubed over with mud, the tail of the alligator being used as a trowel. The first duties of maternity being over, the female alligator acts as policeman until the eggs are hatched. Her office is not a sinecure, for the fowls of the air, and the creeping things upon earth, are attracted to the entombed deli-

cacies secreted in this oven-like structure in the swamp. Many a luckless coon and cracker's pig searching for a breakfast, receive instead a blow from the strong tail of the female alligator, and are swept into the grasp of her terrible and relentless jaws.

Moisture and heat act their parts in assisting the process of incubation, and the little alligators, a few inches in length, issue from the shell, and are welcomed by their mail-clad mother into the new world.

Like young turtles just from the shell, the baby alligators make for the water, but unlike the young of the sea-turtles, the saurians have the assistance of their parent, who not unfrequently takes a load of them upon her back. From the first inception of nest-building until the young are able to take care of themselves, this reptile mother, like the female wild-turkey, resists the encroachments of her mate who would devour, not only the eggs, but his own crawling children. In fact, if opportunity were offered by the absence of the mother from the nest and the young, his alligatorship would eat up all his progeny, and exterminate his species, without a particle of regret. He has no pride in the perpetuation of his family, and it is to the maternal instincts of his good wife that we owe the preservation of the alligator.

The young avoid the larger males until they are strong enough to protect themselves, feeding in the mean time upon fish and flesh of every description. In the water they move with agility, but on land their long bodies and short legs prevent rapid motion. They migrate during droughts from one slough or bayou to another, crossing the intervening upland. When discovered on these journeys by man, the alligator feigns death, or at least appears to be in an unconscious state; but if an antagonist approach within reach of that terrible tail, a blow, a sweep, and a snapping together of the jaws prove conclusively his dangerous character. He is a good fisherman, and can also catch ducks, drawing them by their feet under water. The dog is, however, the favorite diet of these saurians, and the negroes make use of a crying puppy to allure the creature from the bottom of a shoal bayou within reach of their guns.

Though clad in a coat of thick, bony scales, a well-directed charge of buckshot from a gun, or a lead ball from a musket, will penetrate the body, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary.

The negroes in the Gulf states say that "de 'gators swallows a pine knot afore dey goes into de mud-burrows for de winter;" and the fact that pine knots and pieces of wood are found in the stomachs of these animals at all seasons of the year, gives a shade of truth to this statement. Even the hardest substances, such as stones and broken bottles, are taken in considerable quantities from the bodies of dead alligators. Their digestive organs are certainly not sensitive, their nervous systems not delicate, and their intelligence not remarkable. It gives an alligator but little inconvenience to shoot off a portion of his head with a mass of the brain attached to it; and they have been known to fight for hours with the entire brain removed.

Though generally fleeing from man upon terra firma, the alligator will quickly attack him in the water. A friend of mine, mounted upon his horse, was crossing a Florida river in the wilderness, when entering the channel of the

stream, the horse's feet did not touch the bottom, and he swam for a moment or two, struggling with the current. My friend suddenly felt a severe grip upon his leg, and the pressure of sharp teeth through his trousers, when, realizing in a flash that an alligator's jaws were fastened upon him, he clasped the neck of his horse with all his strength. For a few seconds he was in danger of being dragged from the back of his faithful animal; but his dog, following in the rear, gained quickly on the struggling horse, and the alligator, true to his well-known taste, loosed his hold upon the man, and catching the dog in his strong jaws, dragged the poor brute to the bottom of the river.

The alligator is fast disappearing from our principal southern rivers, and is also being captured in considerable numbers in isolated bayous by hunters, who kill the creature for his hide, as the alligator boots have a durability not possessed by any other leather.

(To Be Continued)

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Colleen, as usual, recognized the symptoms, while I gritted my teeth and denied them. There was too much work to do and I simply couldn't spare the time to deal with what I called an occupational hazard.

She was referring to the massive infusion of people hanging out at our floating home/office and information center of our business, The Old Boathouse. Since 1968, we had rented traditional wood rowing and sailing boats and taught sailing. We also repaired and maintained our fleet of 20 boats in a little shed under the Aurora Bridge. That was the Titanic Boat Shop, our wholly owned subsidiary.

We began the Old Boathouse because we saw the traditional wooden boat spiraling towards extinction and we wanted to give people the chance to experience them before they

The Center for Wooden Boats



Our Birth & Growth

By Dick Wanger, Founder

The colorful cluster of classic boats around Dick and Colleen's houseboat. Yes, you had to sail into that channel - and don't let the boom hit those pilings!



became a faded memory.

People came to rent out boats and were reluctant to leave. They lingered to talk about boat stuff until it was time for lunch or dinner, where the conversation continued. And a good portion of the visitors who stayed for lunch or dinner came too far or stayed too late, so they bunked over on the couch or floor.

Colleen told me 77 times or more, let's get these souls organized. Instead of marathon discussions, set up monthly evening meetings with agendas. So, finally having run out of excuses, I called for a "meeting" on the third Friday of February, 1976. We invited 20 of the most notorious free loaders and 40 showed up. And that's how the Center for Wooden Boats was born.

An epiphany. My first day in 7th grade General Science at Pierpont Junior High was an epiphany. That's when I fell in love with learning, through the gracious guidance of the teacher, Miss Edith Thompson. Something similar happened that evening in February. I looked over the crowd packed shoulder to shoulder in the L-shaped space of our living and dining room. I saw faces looking for a signal to act.

So I blurted out something I never knew was inside me. I said "Hi everyone. Why don't we organize a living small craft museum?" There was that three seconds of silence. I panicked. Colleen had on a goofy smile. Then the crowd erupted with support and I started breathing again. The Old Boathouse had suddenly transformed from a ma and pa classic boat rental to a museum with educational goals.

Even though the Old Boathouse continued for four more years, we now regarded it as part of the strategic plan of the museum, a sort of long term market testing program. Lots of ideas came pouring out. It was another long night at the Old Boathouse.

It was decided that what one saw of the Old Boathouse was what one would get of the museum, opportunities to see and try out a variety of traditional boats, plus instruction in heritage skills from knot work to boat building; speakers, demonstrations and special events. It would be a place of collections, preservation, fun, adventure and intellectual challenges.

We planned the first Wooden Boat Festival as our final exam in market testing. If we built it, would they come? It was at the Naval Reserve Base on the 3-day July 4th weekend in 1977. We invited all the classic wooden boats in Puget Sound to come and advertised it to the public as a free event to see a diverse collection of boats and talk to owners, builders and experts on heritage skills. It worked! About 5,000 people came. We asked for donations to pay for the event insurance: \$1000. We collected \$2000 and planning immediately began for the next and better Boat Festival!

Our Third Friday meetings continued, with speakers on maritime history, boatbuilding careers, voyages, how to start a maritime museum and how to raise funds. In 1978, we received our IRS nonprofit 501(c)3 status and started a membership drive and publication of our newsletter *Shavings*. Our first workshop programs began, with classes including casting, forging, caulking, planking, lofting and knotwork. Workshops were held all over town, wherever we could find free or cheap spaces. We were a moveable museum going where the people were.

In 1979 we added two regattas to our annual events schedule. They were Spring and Fall meets at Gasworks Park. We towed Old Boathouse floats over for moorings. A feature was potluck dinners, with competition for the best main course. It was then we discovered how sacred good food is to traditional boat folks. One regatta had chili for the main course, and the Washington State Chili Champ took second place. Even today, a stranger might stumble into a CWB event and feel we were really a gourmet club, with charming little boats arranged as decor.

1979 was the year we published a Boatbuilder's Directory and the monographs: *The Poulsbo Boat* and *The Davis Boats*. We also then chose Waterway 4 for our future home, after considering four other potential sites. Waterway 4 was a former asphalt plant, and looked it. It was a textbook picture of abused and desolate land. We felt this was an opportunity to both create a new wave museum and show a new way to restore a piece of unused government property.

1980 was the year The Old Boathouse closed down. CWB chose its Director, drawings of our site plan, building plan, elevations and perspectives were completed and submitted to the city, and we had our first fundraising event. It was a party in the Aquarium, with a brass and woodwind quartet.

1981 began final site and building planning and our first capital campaign. We received a \$40,000 grant from the Oakmead Foundation which funded the Boatshop, tools and purchased and restored ten boats for the rental fleet. The Seattle Foundation gave a \$5,000 grant, which paid for half the materials for the Pavilion. Through special events, earnings, and an appeal to our members and local corporations another \$95,000 was raised.

In 1983, we received a Shoreline Development permit and moved the Boatshop, floats and our rental fleet to the site. We began workshop instruction at the Boathouse and began our first rental and sailing instruction programs. Our first staff (half-time) was hired: Caren Crandell, now a CWB Board member.

Between 1984 and 1987, many facilities were built, including the Pavilion, the Oar House, more floats and the ramp. The parking lot was paved. The Pavilion was built by donated labor of the Seattle Community College Carpentry and Boatbuilding schools. Except for the shingle roof done by volunteers Dennis and Carol Broderson, who hates heights, and the gillnetter windvane donated by Bart Kister, who before only made windvanes depicting the leaves of Indiana trees.

1987 was the big push to build the Boathouse. Because our Shoreline Development Permit had a five year sunset, it had to be completed in 1988. Final drawings were made. A capital campaign began. Fundraising was through a membership campaign and grants from 12 foundations. Construction began in July, 1988, and we received the occupancy permit on the last working day of December 1988. (Hint: During the holiday season, most building inspectors are on vacation. Plan ahead on completion of your structure, or suffer anxiety).

The landscaping part of the Capital Development was completed in 1987, through a grant from the Committee of 33. (Hint, great topsoil was obtained free from a nearby cemetery. They dig there a lot!).



In May of 1983 CWB's first building, the Boathouse, was towed by *MV Arro* to its new home base on Waterway #4.

From 1988-1999, CWB continued to expand its programs. SailNow! was invented by Vern Velez in 1989, and he ran it as a full-time volunteer through 1996. The standing record for a full-time volunteer, though, is held by Horace Ingram, who ran our Livery from 1984-1996. No kidding! When we instituted the Volunteer of the Year Award in 1991, guess who received the most votes? Horace kept working because we kept bribing him with boats, books, tools, some lovely beverages and a constant flow of quality chocolate. Of course, the fact that we all loved him didn't hurt. Our volunteer program blossomed with the coaching efforts of our growing staff.

We began looking for more space to expand our programs of livery, sailing instruction and workshops. In 1991, the Board and the State Parks Commission agreed that CWB would open a second campus at a new state park on Cama Beach on Camano Island.

In 1992, CWB offered the "SailAway Challenge." This was our first outreach effort. It is a program to provide sailing instruction to physically disabled people. That year we also hosted a conference on at-risk youth and maritime heritage skills. Through that conference CWB began "All Aboard", a program for at-risk youth. Other community outreach followed and have become ongoing programs, including sailing instruction for homeless teenagers, sailing excursions for people with AIDS, and "Involving All Neighbors", a volunteer program designed to include people with developmental disabilities.

In 1992, the City graciously offered to let us use the site rent-free, because of our many community-benefitting free programs.

Our efforts have been recognized and we've received numerous citations of appreciation. The Seattle Design Commission, in 1989, gave us their Neighborhood Designs that Work Award, for our "...picnic shelter, docks floating workshop, museum and boathouse, and because the project encourages historic preservation, cultural and recreational use."

We received the "Most Valuable Partner Award" in 1990, for outstanding commitment to public education from Governor Gardner and Mayor Rice.

The Event Award was given to us in 1991 from the Association of King County Historical Organizations for the Lake Union Wooden Boat Festivals, 1987-1990.

In 1994, we received the Community Sailing Award from the United States Sailing Association and the Outstanding Community

Service Award from the Center for Career Alternatives.

The Washington State Office of Archeology and Historic Preservation gave us their Outstanding Achievement in Historic Preservation Award in 1995. The citation emphasized our effective programs in involving at-risk youth.

Our 20th Annual Boat Festival received the King County Event Producers Award in 1997 for Best Special Event, Budget under \$25,000.

In 1999, we received the Excellence in Educational Outreach from Pacific Challenge and Award of Appreciation from Footloose Disabled Sailing Association.

And every year in Seattle's Best Places, we are rated tops as a great place for a date.

All these awards are reminders of what we have accomplished, but their glitter will never match the smiles and hugs from the thousands of our participants. Or the participants who just can't bear to leave the place where they learned so much and had so much.

It's gone the full circle. The Old Boathouse and its pack of sea dog supporters grew into a hands-on museum that is growing into a resource for all ages, abilities and cultures. It's exciting education, it's fun, and it's adventurous. Maybe we're on to something.

(The Center for Wooden Boats is located at 1010 Valley St., Seattle WA 98109-4468, (206) 382-2628, <cwb@cwb.org, www.cwb.org)

A quiet morning at CWB, with pulling boats, gunning dories and Woods Hole spritsail at ease, Horace Ingram checking them out.



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Just Throw It In the River

By Ken Spring



"Throw it in the river," the veteran marine pilot said to me as I struggled with replacement of the garboard plank on my 26' Mackenzie Cuttyhunk bass boat. Indeed, I felt like throwing it in the river as I attempted to achieve the required combination of 90 degree twist and bends to fit the 12' Philippine mahogany plank to the frames. Discarding an expensive piece of 3/4" thick hardwood was not what he had in mind, however. He was trying to teach me a simple, effective technique for achieving bends and twists in planks without the use of a steam box.

On a number of occasions I have needed to bend stringers or planks in a boatyard that lacked a steam box. Boatbuilding books and magazines, such as *WoodenBoat*, are filled with designs for "simple" steam boxes constructed from a range of components readily available to even the most inexperienced boatbuilder. I have attempted to build and use a few of these devices and found the experience unpleasant at best, and a complete failure in the case of my garboard replacement project.

Building a steam box out of available

scrap big enough to accommodate a 12' long, 15" wide piece of mahogany is a project in itself. Generating the steam and delivering it uniformly to such a piece of wood is also not straightforward, particularly if the air temperature is near freezing as it was on that cold March morning. Finally, handling the hot, steaming plank, rushing to fit it before it cools, and trying to clamp it in place before it straightens out all diminish the joy of plank replacement.

His suggestion was simple. Immerse the plank in the river adjacent to the boatyard. To ensure that the wood became water saturated, he suggested tying a couple of cement blocks onto the plank ends. I drilled a hole in one end of the plank, affixed a sturdy line to the nearest piling and threw the wood in the river for about four days. I was instructed to "put the twist in first" then fit the plank. This works beautifully for mahogany up to 5/4" thickness as well as white oak up to 2" in thickness. The wood remains pliable for several hours and it is cool.

The most straightforward technique that I have used is illustrated in the photograph. By choosing a section of pier with a "T" at the end, the necessary twist can be introduced with ease. One end of the plank is held onto the "T" with a couple of clamps and a short, stiff covering board. The free end is positioned parallel to the finger of the pier. Two more clamps are used to attach a 5' or 6' length of sturdy timber to the plank end. A length of line on the free end of the timber is used to start the twist and hold the plank in place once the twist has been introduced. One simply pulls on the timber until the plank is twisted to required amount. The rope is then tied off to one of the pilings or cleats on the pier and left for an hour or two.

As the plank dries the twist becomes more stable, although some "memory" effect can occur when the line is released. For this reason, a modest overtwist is usually helpful. The duration of the "memory" of the twist depends on a variety of factors, including weather conditions. However, in all of my experience with this method, I have only needed to return one plank to the water for additional soaking because it straightened out while I fumbled around too long with one of its neighbors.

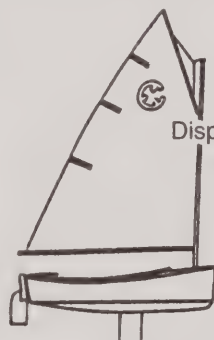
The temperature of the water in which the plank is submerged seems to have little influence on its flexibility. Innumerable self-designated "experts" have advised me in my years in boatyards using this technique. They are united in their opinion that, "while this might work when the water is warm, it won't when the water is cold." Despite their wisdom, I have seen no seasonal differences in plank flexibility. An additional day of immersion may be needed in the winter compared to the summer, but this is of little consequence.

Big planking jobs, such as one that I completed last fall, just require more wood in the water. Each morning, I remove the day's pieces from their bath, twist or bend them and do something else for a couple of hours. Compared to the complexity and discomfort of dealing with steam-bent wood, throwing it in the river is a pleasure.

(Ken Spring lives in Lusby, Maryland and fishes the Chesapeake Bay. He recently authored a book of humorous boating and fishing stories entitled *What Were You Thinking?* (America House).

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What makes a boat float? Children from the Philadelphia School District spent part of this past school year at the Philadelphia Wooden Boat factory attempting to find the answer to that question. Ultimately they discovered that teamwork, imagination, math, laughter, concentration, commitment, and a strong belief in their unique abilities (as well as a good measure of faith) is what it takes to make a boat float.

In one of several classes held at the Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, boys and girls in the third through sixth grades at the Harrity Elementary School, located at 56th & Christian Streets in West Philadelphia, took part in one of the grandest experiments in the history of the Factory to date. "You're going to let third graders handle tools," being a common reaction.

But these students were very special young men and women and building canoes as part of their class curriculum fit well with the school's interactive philosophy. The project, referred to as Ahali, Swahili for family, is representative of the way teachers Mwongozi and Ummie run the Ahali Classroom. Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory staff and volunteers were affectionately referred to as Baba and Mama for the eight months that they worked with these children. In keeping with the family theme, all adults who came in contact with Ahali were expected to assume the role of father (Baba) or mother (Mama) to the children of Ahali. This not only helped the children look to adults as potential mentors but also reminded adults of their place as role models for the children.

One of the current goals of Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory is to make service learning a more prominent element of our youth programs. Service learning activities, instilling a life long perspective of community responsibility and action, have also become an important goal of the School District of Philadelphia. The Factory's first trip down this new road being with Ahali and Great Valley Nature Center, located in Devault, Pennsylvania, an environmental educational organization that introduces and exposes students to the natural environment.

Over the winter months Ahali students built six canoes, five of which were donated to Great Valley Nature Center. What is excit-

What's Happening At The Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory

ing about this is that the young students of Ahali were able to experience the rewards of sharing their service. They have saved Great Valley Nature Center thousands of dollars in canoe rental fees through their work.

Late in September of 1999, just before the Ahali program began, Southern Home Services students began coming to the Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory as part of their Tuesday class time. The kids at Southern Homes have been temporarily removed from the public school system. The task of completing a boat was a tremendous challenge put to them by Program Director, Kyle Kanter. Having the students build canoes struck Kyle as a potential source for an experience unlike any other in Philadelphia. Once the students accepted the challenge, they all made worthwhile contributions to the completion of the canoes. Kyle was extremely happy with how engaged the kids became in completing the project.

It was this same hope for success amid difficult circumstances that a Saturday class with Archway Programs was undertaken. Months later, as the students were launching their completed boats, Arlene Anderson, program director for Archway and an integral part of the Saturday class' success, reflected on her initial doubts; "The first class was so difficult, with the kids fighting amongst themselves, I questioned whether they would be able to pull together and complete the project." This kind of difficulty in focusing the kids on the project makes launchings such as Archway Programs, especially triumphant for the Factory.

Burlington County Institute of Technology completed what was their second canoe with Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory this past February. BCIT is a much different client for the Factory. The students who participate are from BCIT's Building Trades Program. BCIT's Joseph Ryczkowski is responsible for making the project a reality. Joe's hope is to give his students another vision of what they can do with their carpentry skills. Even though

the BCIT students are well versed in the use of tools, the canoe project, with its lack of straight lines and unfamiliar construction materials provided an opportunity for them to apply their skills to overcome new challenges.

The last school year project was completed with Philadelphia Mennonite High School. As this project began we discovered that getting hormonally challenged teen-aged boys and girls to work together as a team was going to be the main focus of our energy. It took several weeks before constructive work could even begin. But in the end we proved to ourselves what we are constantly trying to prove to the kids that come to the Factory, perseverance always pays off. The students' attitudes changed greatly from that first difficult day, they began to believe they could read and understand directions, didn't have to give up their individuality to become part of a group, and began to see each other as sources of support. In the end working on painting their names inside the canoes was done with much pride. We launched three boats on June 13! Two of the three boats were donated to The Schuylkill Center for Environmental Education and the third boat was donated to Spruce Lake Camp. SUCCESS!!!

The Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, www.woodenboatfactory.org, info@woodenboatfactory.org

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A Different Sort of Multihull

By Bob Hicks

When a packet of Scott and Kim Stokes' *CampaNews* newsletters arrived along with the specs on their unique camping canoe concept, I was introduced to yet another way of messing about in boats. Certainly overnighing in small boats under boom tents or with purpose built demountable enclosures is not new to me, but the Stokes' whole concept, based on a pair of Royalex hull canoes, aimed more strongly towards family camper/cruising, struck an original note.

Herewith the details on Campanoe, the story of its conception and development, a tale of family adventure afloat in their creation, and a newspaper outdoor columnist's impressions of this unique small craft.

As an entrepreneur/inventor, with my wife Kim as my business partner, I have always been attracted to the water, in fact on our first date I took her sailing on a sailboat I had built. Three children later and a move to Mazomanie, Wisconsin, which is on the Wisconsin River, we found the sailboat didn't cut it. We tried canoeing with three small children and that certainly wasn't the answer.

We then bought a small river houseboat along with a diesel suburban to haul it around and spent many, many truly enjoyable weekends on water but not the River. It was still too heavy, needed a decent landing and needed too much water for the river so we ended up using it on local lakes with good boat landings and only hauling it if we felt brave and were ready for stress.

We were ready in our business for a new project, with financial backing coming from royalties gained from the sale of previous inventions such as a token operated TV timer and a solar lumber dryer, so in 1997 I went to work to come up with a boat to solve these problems. I researched materials and engineered the prototype of Campanoe, the first and only ultra-light camping houseboat. It's basically two We*No*Nah Royalex canoe hulls connected with Royalex decks, seats, storage compartments, cots, a tiny outboard motor and trailer designed to tow the boat open or folded and a full tent enclosure with screens and vinyl windows for camping on or off the water.

Campanoe is a very versatile and unique new product that opens up totally new opportunities for camping and boating. It can be

The Origins of Our Campanoe (tm)

By Scott Stokes

paddled, motored or sailed and continues to exceed our expectations for simplicity, durability, dependability and, of course, pleasure. Everything we learned about boating is incorporated into this and we feel Campanoe has solved the problems and provides fun, safe, economical and environmentally friendly boating whether it's a shallow, narrow meandering river, the Great Lakes or the Gulf of Mexico.

The Basic Campanoe is supplied with 4 ash seats with black webbing, 4 deck cleats of lightweight black nylon, 4 storage compartments to keep gear dry, organized and out of the way, and a motor mount.

Optional equipment & accessories include the following:

A factory installed bimini top with a full tent enclosure fitted with screens, vinyl windows and privacy flaps on a 4 bow, anodized aluminum frame. This prevents bugs, rain, cool weather or too much sun from stealing your fun. The tent allows you to Campanoe much earlier and later in the season in any weather and gives you a tent camper to stay in on or off the water. A bimini cover boot is included.

A trailer specially designed for towing with the Campanoe in the open position for local trips, or in the closed aerodynamic position for longer trips, with compact storage. A

spare tire & bracket are included.

A range of optional outboards: A 2hp Honda 4-stroke outboard motor which is environmentally friendly, quiet, fuel efficient and uses regular gas is recommended for most streams, rivers and lakes. Internal fuel tank. Easy to carry, only 28 lbs! A 5hp Honda 4-stroke outboard motor is recommended for bigger water or long distance motoring. An 8hp Honda if you feel the need for speed gets you up on plane.

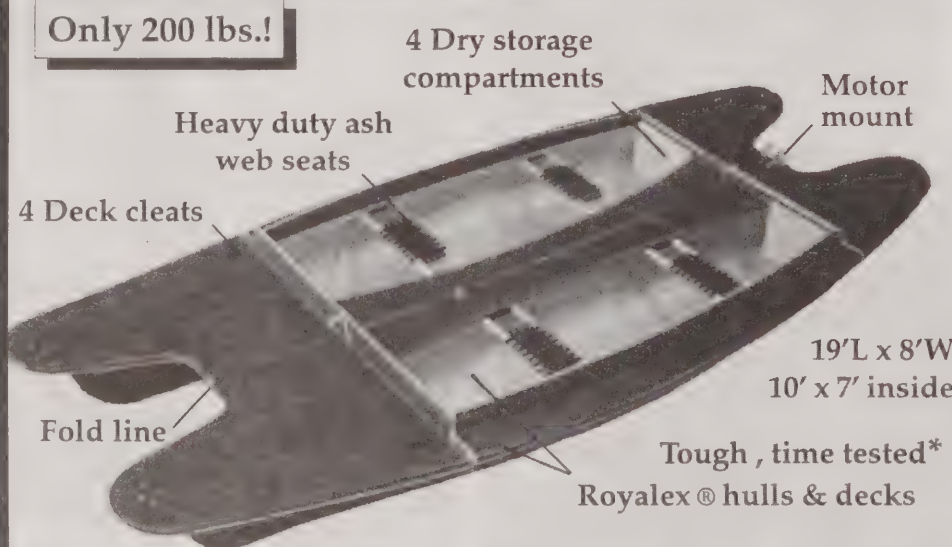
Sleeping cots, 27" wide provide space for two, are great for overnighers or just relaxing with a book. The cots mount perpendicular to the hulls and leave enough room between for the pottie and the table. They are fabricated from anodized aluminum poles and tough, water resistant fabric, custom designed for quick and secure set-up.

An extension handle complete steering and throttle control fits all motors extends from 36" to 51".

A lightweight portable toilet of the best quality stows under a seat, is very easy to use and service. It beats the bush. Non polluting.

A padded seat cushion with padded backrest fits the standard web seat and also works well on the decks or by the campfire. This adds considerable comfort.

A table with Royalex top measuring 32" long x 24" wide x 12" high attaches between seats for eating, cooking, games or just a place to rest your elbows on. It is made from the same tough material as the hulls with anodized aluminum legs with rubber feet and straps with snaps to lock in place. It can also be used on the decks or by the camp fire.



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Paddle power moves Campanoe nicely despite its beam.



With the bimini top up and camper side curtains in place, Campanoe becomes an overnight camping trailer ashore.



The 8' beam allows for full crossways sleeping cots.

Hitting the road for home, Campanoe folds to only 4' width for easy trailering.



In late winter our family decided that we had had enough of Wisconsin winter and were sorely in need of warm water, sunshine and float time, so we folded the Campanoe, stuffed it full of all our camping gear, and set out for Sarasota, Florida for spring break. Since the Campanoe tows so easily when folded and is only 4' wide, we could all take turns driving, sleeping and sightseeing.

We started our adventure in Myakka River State Park, home to more than 2,000 alligators as well as an incredible assortment of birds, armadillos, deer and other wetland creatures. We hooked up with some friends from home and together Campanoed and kayaked some of the 12 miles of protected river that runs through the park.

We put in at the upper lake and portaged over a small dam to get to the river. People on the shore were amazed at the sight of all of us coming ashore and carrying our 19' x 8' boat so easily. Only a canoe, kayak or a Campanoe could navigate this shallow, winding river, and we did it with a crew of ten! The morning was spent sneaking up on alligators, vultures, ospreys and other waterfowl, ending our journey at a bridge where we loaded the boat up and took it back to the lake.

Our companions left for the Gulf beaches and we stayed to explore the lake. We had a relaxing lunch as we paddled, motored, sunned and watched brave fishermen wading in waist high water with alligators everywhere. The wind picked up and it became a wonderful sailing afternoon. Invasion of weeds has made navigating the lake with motors difficult so it was nice to have so many options for propulsion.

After lunch we needed to stretch our legs and take advantage of some of the 40 miles of hiking trails through shady oak-palm hammocks, grassy marshes, open expanses of dry prairie, pine flatwoods and numerous small wetlands. We walked to the bird observation pier and checked out the facilities at the campground. The campground was full but we hadn't had our fill of the park yet so we decided to stay on the Campanoe for the night.

We picked up last minute supplies at the concession store and loaded the boat with our overnight gear and headed back out on the lake for a fantastic sunset paddle. As we toured the west shore we came upon a startling sight. Several red capped, sandhill cranes (also down visiting from Wisconsin) were mingling on the

Family Campanoeing In Florida

By Scott Stokes

shore with a big bull that had escaped into the park. His call was awesome from 20' away. Clusters of wild pigs foraged along the shore. A fisherman had told us of a giant 18' alligator that had surprised him while fishing but we didn't see him.

A key Campanoe lesson was learned at sunset. Small flying bugs came out so fast and thick that we had trouble keeping them out of our eyes and mouths. We had to fire up the Honda and make tracks while everyone scrambled to get the tent with its bug screens up. After the tent was up, we ate, played cards, talked and laughed by lantern light until it was time for bed. The adults got the cots and the two teenagers used air mattresses in the hulls. The night sounds of thrashing and croaking alligators and several brief showers made sleep a little difficult for the girls. They realized at last that one was too cold and the other too hot, so they switched places and all was well.

Morning came and we all still had our arms and legs, nobody was eaten by an alligator in the night. The rain had ended and we leisurely got up and had the tent down within minutes. We were definitely a curiosity and the envy of all the early morning fishermen.

The park facilities were very nice; warm showers, good coffee and they even toasted our bagels. We had breakfast in the sunshine and a morning paddle before loading the boat on the trailer and heading for more boating adventures in the bigger water along Florida's Intercoastal Waterway and the gulf of Mexico.

My dad Bill, winters in Florida and he invited family members to come and visit. We took him up on it before he had a chance to rethink and rescind his offer. The rest of our days in Florida were spent crashing at his condo and boating in the Intercoastal Waterway and the Gulf.

We had a memorable and delightful day on Sarasota Bay, which is part of the Intercoastal. It was a glorious bright, sunny and warm day, such a day as we wouldn't have back in Wisconsin for two more months. Bill has a 13' Boston Whaler that he uses for fishing while in Florida, so we took both boats, the Campanoe and the Whaler as our photo boat, dropped son Steve off at a beach so he could hook up with some friends who were also in Sarasota and the rest of us went boating.

Sarasota Bay is big and beautiful. Bill was fishing and we were skimming over the top of oyster bars watching huge schools of fish dart around. We had to stop and check out a live royal conch. It took some talking to get Sunny to get out of the boat to pick it up considering we had just watched a fisherman pull in a shark. Up ahead of us in the distance we saw a kayaker and jokingly wondered if it was our friend, Ole from Mazo. The closer we got to each other the more it was looking like him. Amazing! A huge body of water, 1500 miles from home and we literally boat into each

other. So of course we had to spend the rest of the day together.

One of the reasons we were both in that area of the bay was the outlet into the Gulf. Both Ole and I were enthused about boating in really big water. The stretch of water connecting the Intercoastal and the Gulf was enough excitement for Sunny and Kim, and Bill also turned around and went back to calmer water. I dropped Sunny and Kim at the beach, something you can't do with just any boat.

This was the only time we got water in the boat on the whole trip. Coming onto the beach, the bow was on sand and before we realized that we had to pull the boat up on shore quickly, the next wave crashed over the back of the boat and we took some water. We sponged the water out, built up some courage and out I headed into the six foot waves. Bill saw that I was handling it just fine so he came out in his boat and took some incredible pictures. Ole and his kayak joined Kim on the beach after about two waves.

There were times when I was between waves and then we would come shooting out like a missile. Waves crashed over the decks but the raised cockpit kept water out of the boat. It did occur to me while I was out there that I could get flipped over but that is a first. Never before have we ever felt like that could happen. Campanoe is extremely stable. I did get the hang of being in that kind of water and had fun playing on the waves.

The tide was coming in and we were losing our beach, plus Bill and his boat never could come onto the beach, so we planned to meet at the little restaurant back in calmer water. We waited and waited for Ole. Finally we went back to see where he was. Ole couldn't get off the beach with his kayak. He couldn't push off and get in before a wave tipped him over. You could almost see smoke coming out of his ears he was so frustrated.


Campanoe to the rescue (one of two). We stayed out a ways and told him to wade out, get a rope to tie to his kayak and he could get on the Campanoe and we would tow his kayak back. He said no way was he going to be able to get on the boat from in the water. But one of the benefits of a Campanoe is just that capability. It's low to the water and stable so he could pull himself up easily. A hamburger and cold beer later and Ole was feeling much better.

Ole had an eight mile kayak back, Bill wanted to fish and I wanted to sail. We said our goodbyes to Ole and we played in the bay until dark. It was the kind of day that makes vacations so special, memorable and increases our love of water and boating. For us, spring break now means fold it, load it, and tow it to fun and exciting new destinations.

I had mentioned that there were two Campanoe rescues. One was the kayak rescue and the other was on a day that we headed south on the Intercoastal. Bill had his boat and we were in the Campanoe. We came to a place where we could go into the gulf. Sunny and Kim even stayed in the boat this time. We were getting to be old hands at big water. We were bobbing around in the waves watching the dolphins when Bill's motor dies. Again, we tied the problem boat to the Campanoe and towed him to calm water where we could figure out the problem. Problems are part of boating, but when we designed Campanoe we tried to consider all these problems. If our motor dies we can always sail or paddle easily.

PRECISION

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16'-'' B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

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Hello friends. I have to admit when I first heard about the Campanoe I was a bit skeptical. My visions of the design was of two canoes strapped together by a couple of boards with a sheet of plywood between them, and a tent placed on the plywood. Over the last year I heard enough positive comments about the Campanoe and its designer, Scott Stokes of Mazomanie, that I decided it was time to give Scott a call and test his rig.

I was impressed with Scott and Kim Stokes and the Campanoe minutes after arriving at their factory in downtown Mazomanie. The Stokes appeared to be intelligent, friendly and down to earth. The Campanoe is made up of two 17' We*No*Nah canoes, made of Royalex, a highly durable material that can take whatever you throw at it. Royalex is also used to make platforms for the front, rear, center and sides. With the platforms the Campanoe, which can be taken apart and put together in about a minute, measures 19' in length and 8' wide. With a bimini top that can be used as a sail or protection from the weather, and a complete tent design, Stokes can use his rig in the dead of winter for fishing below the dams on the Wisconsin River or on Lake Michigan in five foot swells.

An Outdoorsman's Journal

By Mark Walters (Copyright 1999)

For our test we chose the Wisconsin River and the Pine which flows into it near Gotham, in Richland County. Stokes uses a Honda four stroke, two horse motor, a paddle and the sail or current to push the Campanoe. Thunderstorms on our journey up the Pine forced us to put the top up. I felt like I was on the African Queen as we explored this narrow river by motor and paddle.

Numerous deadfalls and a hard current kept our adventure interesting. When we decided to explore the Wisconsin River we paddled and drifted. I ran the motor down river for about three miles. The entire time I was comfortable and felt completely safe in a rig that can handle 2,000 pounds, and float in 2"-6" of water. In my head I was thinking this boat would be perfect for giving tours of the river or taking all the way down the Mississippi.

The Campanoe's real test came in the

evening when we anchored in the middle of the channel for the night. After setting anchor we each threw out a pole baited with night crawlers. Then Scott set up the kitchen and cooked a first rate meal of pork stir fry and sweet corn. The entire time we were having a heyday on hungry catfish, the largest weighing over eight pounds. One of my biggest questions was the sleeping conditions. About 11pm we set up the tent, which is very much like that of a tent camper. There are cots mounted into the deck.

By the time the sun came up the next morning, Stokes' Campanoe had weathered three storms while anchored in hard current in the middle of the Wisconsin River, without taking in a drop of rain. We had breakfast on the water and then headed back to the landing. My entire life I have been drawn to water, adventure and seclusion. The Campanoe passed every test I could give it for practicality and durability. My guess is that in the upcoming years the Campanoe will become a home away from home for adventurers throughout North America.

(This article was in local newspapers throughout the midwest and is reprinted here with permission)

Helpful Tips For Amateur Builders

By Jim Betts

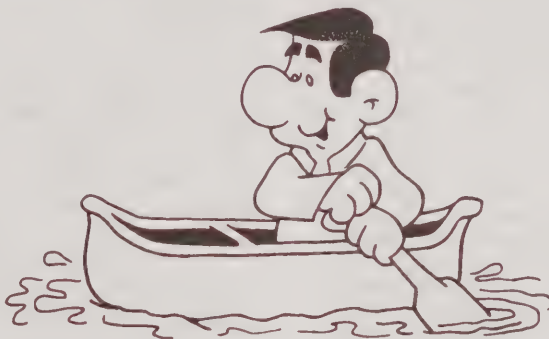
Away back in 1967, I founded the International Amateur Boat Building Society and published *Amateur Boat Building* magazine. All this lasted about five years. During that time, I was in constant touch with some 6,000 back-yard boat builders throughout the world. All of the stories I heard (both successful and sad) can about be boiled down into a few simple pieces of advice. In addition, I have built 5 of the 11 boats I have owned, two to my own design. (Speaking of designs, see two that I have done recently with Ted Brewer, GP-16 and SO-DO-IT!, on website <www.databoat.com>. See also my site, <www.magellanchallenge.com>, which has to do with my organization of the first around-the-world race in motorboats)

But, on to the Helpful Tips:

1. Do not undertake a boat-building project that will take more than a year to complete. Your labor will become a bore and your needs and wants may change.
2. Talk with others who have built the boat. The designer should be willing to supply names. If possible, see the boat in action.
3. Try for a design where all of the building can be done by you alone. Yes, you can usually get a helping hand from time to time, but don't count on it.

4. Failing that, try to find a partner to help with the building for a share of ownership (and a share of costs, to be sure!).

5. Become a "Custom Builder", not an amateur builder. Print a simple letterhead. Get a USCG Manufacturer's Identification Code. This is the three-letter code that is the first part of the hull ID number on manufactured boats. Get the forms from your local USCG station,



or write USCG, 2100 Second St. SW, Washington DC 20593. This is free; put it on your letterhead. The reason for all this is so that you can buy equipment directly from the manufacturer at OEM prices, usually about half the retail price. Put your HIN (Hull Identification Number) on your boat. This is explained in the CG material. It then becomes a "custom-built" boat, not an amateur-built boat. This pays off when you sell it.

6. Speaking of the CG, write them at the address above for their free, 52-page booklet *Safety Standards For Backyard Boat Builders*. It tells you about powering, safe loading, flotation, ventilation, fuel systems, electrical systems, capacity, and much more.

7. If you have a sheltered building site, fine; otherwise, plan your building schedule around your weather. Cold hands do poor work. Besides, most glues do not set at low temperature.

8. Do not make major changes in the design. In fact, DO NOT make any changes unless you discuss them with the designer. Every detail has a reason.

9. Build a boat "one size" bigger, say, 20% or so. You will be happier, longer. Most boat builders and buyers move up after a few years (but, the really smart ones often move down in size, after they pay the dock fees and maintenance costs for a few years).

10. Study the local boats and boating con-

ditions. Talk with local boat owners. You do not want a deep-keel boat on Maryland's Eastern Shore, etc.

11. If possible, make your hardware rather than buying it. Wooden cleats are easy to make from scrap wood and cost nothing but your time.

12. The most useful tools are a power plane and a belt sander. They can cure many a problem. Also, sandust and epoxy, which will fill many a void.

13 (a baker's dozen). When buying wood at your local lumberyard, NEGOTIATE! You are not "building an amateur boat", you are "starting a boat-building business". This is good for a 20% discount on your order. Trust me on this.

Now, for the bad news. Yes, you may build your own boat and save half the price of a similar production boat, but I assume you are building in wood and wooden boats are not easy to sell. Never build a boat that you can't simply throw away after five years. That's cruel, but it is true. Building a boat is a labor of love. You have the dream, do the work and enjoy the results; that's your reward. It should be enough. How many people can say they have had a similar reward?

(Note: Those who wish to comment on this story may reach me at PO Box 1309, Point Pleasant Beach NJ 08742-1309. No phone calls and no e-mail.

I have an aluminum Grumman Sport Boat. I know, what with all the pontificating I do, that such news is probably a shocker so I guess I'll have to explain myself... do a little more pontificating. I am no kind of purist about anything except for how I don't like to do anything that I don't want to do. I just love a good small boat (I am at the best, indifferent about big boats, they are kind of more trouble than joy. I have a long list of little things that I won't lay on you at this time).

It doesn't make any difference if the thing is made out of roto-moulded polyethelene or galvanized tin, a good boat is a good boat and a Grumman Sport Boat is a good boat. Of course, it ain't quite as good as the one in the shop right now... an open sea rowboat sixteen feet long by six feet wide by probably less than a hundred pounds hull weight and so strong that three stooges couldn't stomp the bottom out of it, but a Grumman Sport Boat is a good boat... took me many years to figure out how to build something better.

The first Grumman Sport Boat I ever saw was way back in the middle '50s and I only caught the briefest glimpse of it on a trailer on the paved road behind a V8 Ford station wagon. I tried to get a better look but Momma's 36 horse Volkswagen just couldn't catch up no matter how hard I hunched behind the wheel. I was relentless in my pursuit even as a boy (15 at the time with a special driver's license that I had had since I was 14 because we lived so far beyond the school bus run) and it didn't take me long to interrogate around and find out what kind of boat it was.

Then I set to to get me one and an out-board motor to go with it. At first I tried to coerce my father into springing for the money by the use of eloquent explanation but he said, "We already got the Reynolds so what do we need another aluminum boat for?"

"It is so light and easy to handle that y'all wouldn't have had such a mess on that Ochlocknee River trip that time," said me.

"I don't have any plans for another Ochlocknee River trip in the near future, so I don't need the ideal boat," was his final statement. With that, I knew I had to get me a job and buy the boat on my own.

I went to work for the "Chicken King of Cairo, Georgia" (that's pronounced "Karo" like the corn syrup that originated in that metropolis). I didn't have to submit my resume or stand for an interview or anything. The job was unloading boxcars of chicken feed at fifteen bucks a car and if you could do it before the railroad deadline, the job was yours, if you couldn't... and particularly if you couldn't pay the demurrage for the extra day (coincidentally, also \$15) your ass was gone. I was kind of small and unused to hard work but I was smart. I slipped in the side door as a striker for a big black man whose name will remain anonymous since I don't know what the statute of limitations situation is for some of the crimes that I heard him tell about in the close association we had in the chicken feed cars.

Robert had been a bootlegger during the best years of that business back in prohibition days. He had a series of stills back in the tributaries of the Ochlocknee River and was so slick that not only did he not get caught but managed to employ a good many folks and expand his business... "Had a still on every creek," said he. My family owns a good little bit of the land of the Ochlocknee drainage system. "Hell, boy, we had them all over y'all's

The Chickenfeed Boat

By Robb White



The Grumman with the kids and their father fishing: That is my boat and those little children without PFDs are my grandchildren. That's my pond and that PFD business is my business. That's your worm, though, if you want him. I know he is dirty, but you can wipe your hands on your shirt after you get him on your hook.

place... yo granddaddy was my best customer," said Robert. My grandfather was already dead by then so I never got a chance to find out all about it but he was a fearsome bad alcoholic and never had to do without. He was the most wonderful man but that is another story.

Another thing about Robert... he was in the train wreck when the shaky trestle over the Ochlocknee River at Hadley Ferry broke down and the sawmill train fell in the river and scalded all those men to death in 1925. He was the fireman in the engine and ought to have been the first one to die but he dove under the water and, though the concussion of the implosion made him bleed out the ears, he was the only survivor of the whole crew... had to walk twenty miles to tell the news and nobody believed him because he was just a (...) (I ain't going to say that word because my Momma taught me not to).

So I tried to help Robert unload that chicken feed for free for a long time. I was too light to handle the damned hand trucks on the steep ramp. I helped load and trotted down behind Robert to help stack the bags but I could see that I would never be able to carry my end unless I could get to where I could get down the ramp without letting the load get away from me. I tried half loading but Robert said, "Boy, you kinda getting in my way with all that." One day (this mess went on seven days a week) Robert had to go to Memphis on business and sent his nephew to take his place. The very first thing that happened was that the nephew let the hand truck get loose from him on the ramp and busted open about eight paper bags of feed. I said, "Boy, you kinda gettin' in my way with all that."

It took me from then until car moving time at 9:00 the next morning (about 26 hours) to unload that boxcar but I did it... fifteen bucks.. big money. I don't remember what all I had to do that time, but I finally evolved a way to brake the hand truck with, first my

shoes and then two pieces of flat belt that I riveted around the axle and stood on to drag on the ramp to slow the buggy down a little. Pretty soon I was able to ride the truck down the ramp, steering with my "brakes" sort of like a hot-shot skateboard kid these days. Robert and I teamed up. He loaded his buggy while I rode mine down and dumped it at the bottom, then I would hurry back up the ramp with the empty buggy and get the next load. After the car was empty, we would double-team stacking the sacks down in the warehouse.

Piecework in the face of poverty will make an efficiency expert out of most anyone and Robert and I made some pretty good money, enough for me to order a new Grumman Sport Boat and buy a second-hand, 3 hp, 2-cylinder, Evinrude Weedless Three.

We both lost our jobs at the same time over oyster shell supplement. At that time, ground oyster shells were either mixed with chicken feed or fed separately. A train car loaded with oyster shell was a bitch. Though the flimsy paper bags were much smaller than a fifty pound bag of feed, they weighed 90 pounds and the car waiting on the siding was just as full as it could be. It was real hard to even pinch any oyster shell car up to the dock and it was almost impossible to beat the demurrage deadline, no matter how bad we busted our asses. I am afraid that I was the one who fessed up at the "Chicken King" about it and cost us our jobs (which were eagerly taken up by lesser men who had to work late into the night even with carloads of straight laying mash).

I felt guilty and told Robert. "Unloading chicken feed ain't all I know to do," he said and I think he went into the rooster fighting business with some Cubans down around Miami, but that's just a supposition. He is still alive. In fact, he is the one I get my gardening advice from. He told me to go ahead and set out my tomato and pepper plants after the new moon of February 5th.

"Dang, Robert ain't that mighty early?" said me.

"Naw, it's all over. You might have to cover them up with a sheet one or two times but they need to be in the ground with that hot manure," said he. I noticed the last time I passed his place that his were even bigger than mine. I think it might have something to do with all them roosters in those little cages behind his house.

Grumman Sport Boats are no longer built because (somebody told me) it was impractical to put flotation high enough up so that a sunk boat would pass the test and stay right side up with the engine that it was rated for (6hp) perched up on that flat-topped transom and five people sitting bolt upright on the seats. I saw one that had plastic doohickeys along the sides in an effort to comply, but that was a long time ago. Though mine is an antique (44 years old) it has enough flotation to hold up the engine, people and the picnic too, of course, the people would probably have to get out of the boat.

There is a long, useless foredeck with a bunch of some kind of primitive foam bulkheaded up under it (I think it is still in there) and the whole stern thwart (Sport Boats have three regular seats) is boxed in with foam. That's a case where they regulated out a good thing. I don't know but I bet there have been fewer people drowned in Grumman Sport Boats than there have been strangled to death

with the prize in boxes of Cracker Jacks. All the people I have ever seen with one of those boats did not look like the kind that normally fool around and drown themselves.

A Grumman boat is fifteen feet eight inches long by fifty four inches wide (not counting the damned bush catching outboard oar lock sockets). The transom is thirty two inches wide which separates it completely from a "square stern canoe". It is made with a good tumblehome to the stern which makes the boat paddle about like a canoe, actually better with only one person than a standard seventeen foot Grumman canoe.

You'll know why canoes have tumblehome after you have paddled one of those straight sided fiberglass monstrosities of the seventies all day long. It is impossible to pull a tumblehome boat out of a one-piece mold and paddling one that you can pop out will get you right between the shoulder blades from having to reach so far out to clear the rail. Though I have paddled my boat many a mile, such is not the best propulston method. A Grumman Sport Boat is a rowboat with few peers. You have to get mighty fancy to beat one with anything that short and wide (why, when I was thirty years old...).

I like eight and a half foot oars and my extra high homemade aluminum oar locks (don't use bronze). I learned a lot about rowboats trying to improve on that boat all these years. It ain't the shape of the front of the hull and certainly not anything to do with all those rivet stumps sticking out of that extruded "T" beam keel that makes the boat row so well, it is the fact that it has almost no rocker to the bottom and a planing boat stern.

Despite what I always thought, the stern of a displacement boat does not have to stick up any higher out of the water than necessary to clear the stern wave at the speed you are going to be able to make with the load you intend to carry. The Whitehall transom sits up so high because the man who was doing the work knew he was going to have a boat load on the way to and from the warehouse. When I'm pulling in the stern station of my old boat, all by myself (no matter where I'm going) the transom trims about half an inch in the water at rest which is a "no, no". You can "no, no" all you want to but you better save your breath if you intend to pull up far enough to see how she trims when underway without having to crank your neck (When I was 30 years old).

I finally figured it out. A Grumman Sport Boat hardly pitches at all when rowed hard. The little drag the transom makes when slightly immersed as the boat tries to squat at the beginning of the stroke is offset by its steady influence. I think that pitching makes the wavelength of the bow and stern wave longer and the amplitude higher than what is normal for a non-pitching boat running at hull speed. The net effect of pitching in a rowboat is to make it act like it has a shorter waterline length than it actually does and is going faster than it actually is.

Now, all my rowboats have a good wide transom close to the water but it took a long time to get it right. Which, I wish I could build one for something like the Blackburn Challenge but getting back to the original problem, it costs a lot of money to outrun a Grmman Sport Boat and the folks that are still strong enough to pull hard for that long can't afford the boat. Oh well.

The other obvious thing that makes the



The varnished boat with the old Weedless Three is my first successful improvement over a Grumman Sport Boat. It has about the same weight and dimensions except it is sixteen feet long on the water. It will plane well with that Weedless Three and is a good sea boat. It is the pride and joy of its owner who has successfully maintained that all-over varnish job for many years.

boat run so well is that it is sort of light. Mine weighs a hundred and ten pounds. There is a lot of erroneous lore about boats and one is that old foolishness about how a heavy rowboat carries its way better and that is supposed to offset the fact that you have to move all that extra displaced water out of that way. If heavy boats rowed better, it would be possible to win races with a lot less money. As for me, I ain't ever had any boat that I wished weighed another pound.

Another lesson I learned from my old chickenfeed boat is that boats that are light, narrow and easily driven at displacement speeds will plane most efficiently too. My old aluminum boat will plane two grown people with a Weedless Three. I don't know any other production boat that will do that. With one person and a long tiller extension my boat will run 11 knots with that old fifties engine. The transition from displacement to planing is so subtle that it is impossible, without leaning over the transom to tell when it happens. There is never any wake. I figured that out too.

What happens is that the boat begins to plane before it gets to its hull speed so it never makes enough disturbance in the water to have to climb any bow wave or tear away from any stern wave to get going. I have built a bunch of boats that run that way and I believe that sixteen feet on the water is about the minimum. With boats that are borderline too short (like the Grumman) you have to make sure that you trim by the bow so you get all you can get of hull speed. That leads us into the problem section.

A Grumman Sport Boat is not ideal. It has about the same bow shape at the bottom as an aluminum canoe... no deadrise...almost flat. That makes it, not only wet, but pound bad. My old boat will slap even the lightest chop hard enough to knock the oxide dust loose to blow back in my eyes (along with the

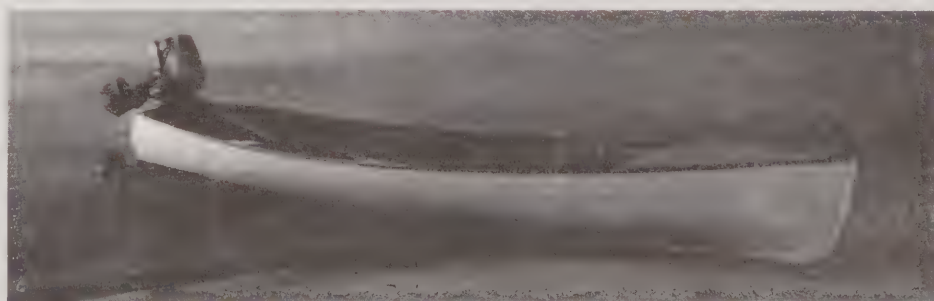
spray). Even at low speed.... rowing... the boat pounds and throws water in a chop. That makes it unpleasant in anything but smooth water.

It is dangerous in rough conditions. If you trim it by the bow like you need to do to ease off on the pounding and get any practical displacement speed, it will root into the back of a following sea or one of those big, almost stationary waves that you find at inlets and river mouths on a falling tide. I don't think it would take much misjudgement to root one of them bad enough to broach around and turn over and drown somebody. If you don't trim by the bow, the damn thing will not go to windward if it is even a little bit rough. It will pound so bad that you can't stand it and stick its bow up so high that you won't be able to hold it into the wind. About the only thing you can do when it breezes up is get back in the stern and go downwind. A Grumman Sport Boat ain't no sea boat.

I'll tell you this though. Mine stays in use, the bottom is shiny from pushing through so many lily pads and acres of grass. There is no telling what it would read on the hour meter if it had one. It will go right in the back of a pickup truck and we can snatch it out and be long gone before the bass boat crowd gets through discussing the necessity of being able to go seventy mph (statute) up the river. They won't ever see us when they finally get fired up because we will have dragged old "Chickenfeed" over into some virgin slough somewhere and will already have two or three big red bellies that have never seen a metal flake in their lives.

Whoeee... Dang, let me put this computer down, I already had to pull the boat out of the bushes so I could measure it to set down the facts, might as well just slide her on in the truck... might go see if old Robert wants to go, he got them big black wigglers all around under his rooster cages.

The white boat pulled up on the beach is the best Sport Boat imitation so far.... same dimensions except 16'wl and it even has the big, useless foredeck. The best part is that it weighs less than 80 pounds... a delightful little boat. I wish I had it back.



As many others have, I have dabbled with the idea of permanently living on the water aboard a ship. Thinking about a dwelling of 1000 or 1500 square feet, a very modest proposition nowadays, there is really nothing much available unless you want to go to the most luxurious and expensive motor-driven yachts. You could have all kinds of huge dwellings ashore for the prices of such vessels.

Even the really big sailing yachts cannot compete with the space afforded by an ordinary home. Someone here built a full-sized Baltimore Clipper. These V-bottomed and fast beauties, wonderful to behold, I was surprised to find, have very little interior space. Although this particular ship had nice, interesting, and well-designed living quarters for the captain/owner and his family, its living space didn't even compare with the room afforded by a small house. These craft were designed as blockade runners, the cargo of which would fetch the highest price. For peacetime use, they proved to be uneconomical.

So what kind of small ship might replace a house? Going back in history, I think the real roomy ones were the European carracks (galleons), and those big Chinese junks seen in pictures of oriental harbors of that time. I am not speaking of the big traders, which still existed well into this century; even those could not compare with the big, round, voluminous craft that are depicted in some harbor scenes. The operative word here is VOLUME.

I suppose the Chinese craft were an answer to the same problem we encountered in Europe: roads that were impassable most of the year, and horse or oxen-drawn transport which could not handle large volumes of cargo. The junks, and their European counterparts, the carracks, could handle quantity, bulk.

The Mataro model, the only surviving model of that type from Columbus' time, is almost round. This is a very big model; as I remember, it must have been at least 6' long.

Dream Boats Living Aboard a Ship

By Richard Carsen

But, it was from photos I saw in Genoa, Italy, at a Columbus exposition, that I noticed the enormous width. Though I do not know the actual measurements, it seemed to me, seen from above, that it was almost round. Why? Most models seem to be too narrow, for obvious reasons. Why this extra width, if it wasn't to express the reality?

The Italian name for these craft was "Nave Tonde", literally, "Round Ships". Looking at the pictures, it certainly sounds like a good description. What I am driving at is that in such craft, even at a modest 50' in length, you could indeed arrive at the floor space of a house, taking into consideration the lower deck, main deck and quarterdeck. You might get close to well over two thousand square feet, while still remaining within a small boat parameter, if the width were only half the length between perps, and the ends were blunt. These craft are shown with very blunt ends.

What about rigs? As I have argued before, the Mataro model had the typical lateen rig of that era. Blinded by the vision of the square-rigged *Santa Maria*, we were kind of led into believing that the Mataro model, from the same region that Columbus sailed from, Barcelona on the east coast of Spain, just HAD to be square-rigged. So the rigging was supposed to be "a mess". Not if you look at it as a lateener; the set-up of the tackles for the main yard is exactly as it should be.

The model originally did not have a fore-sail/mast, as many pictures of that time show. Carracks on the Atlantic coasts did have a square-rigged foremast. However, I would prefer the rig of the Grand Tartane from that same region, but a later time. With the proper

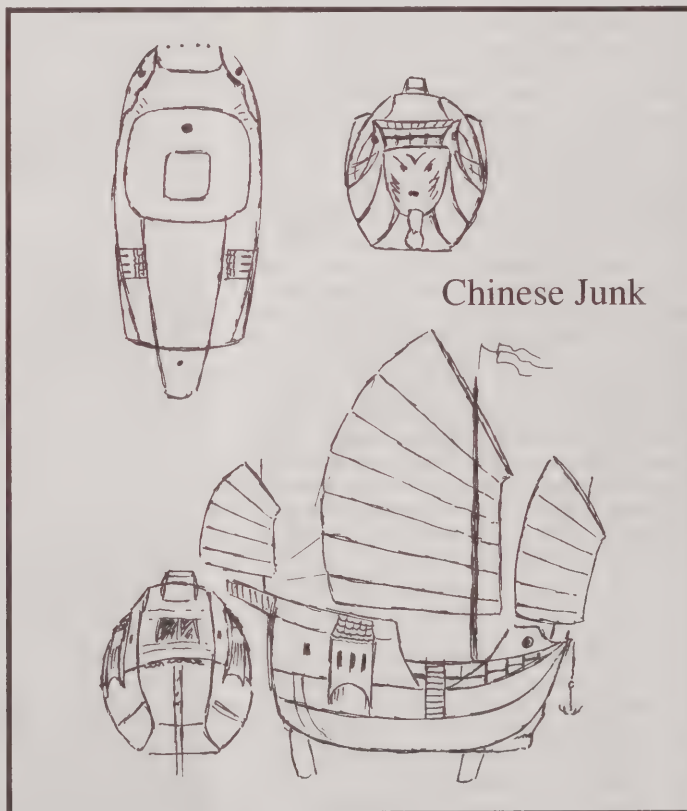
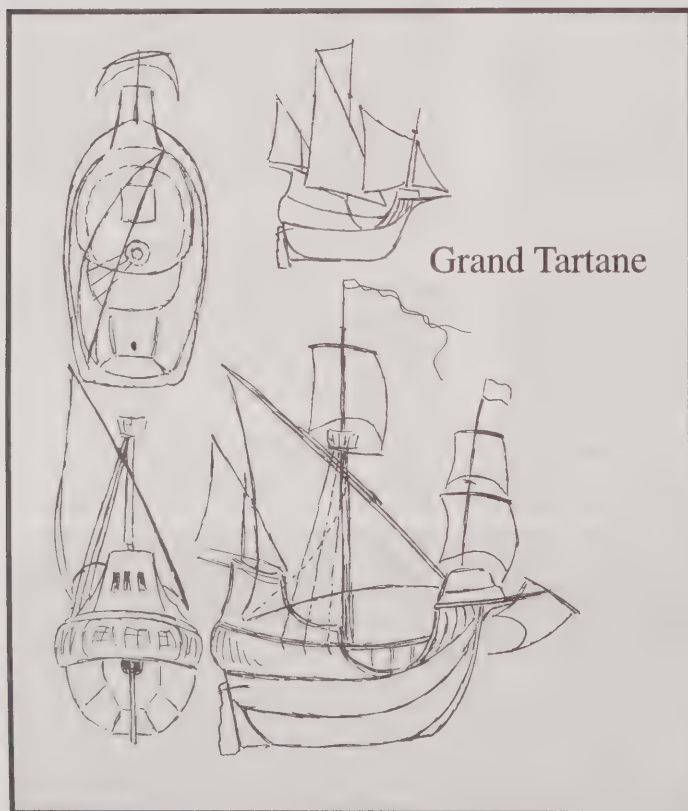
brails, it could actually be single-handed, or handled by a man with his family. The carrack rig, even with the lateen main, needs a crew.

This is why I have also shown the Chinese junk. Floor space-wise, being also a wide craft, I would think that things would equal out. But the rig would be much easier to handle. If masts were unstayed, as I understand that they were in the originals, weathervaning would be the easiest solution in a sudden blow. Neither the junk, nor the carrack would boast any great speed. If you are just living aboard, who needs it?

Auxiliary power, under present harbor conditions, as well as to get out of a tight spot on a lee shore, would be no problem. All over the world, old-fashioned sailing craft have been fitted with diesels. Small generators to provide for electrical needs are no problem either. There are various good, inexpensive generators on the market, with very low fuel consumption. These could be carried in addition to wind generators and generators activated by sunlight. What you would need is a good electrical storage capability.

To avoid exorbitant harbor fees, a good ship-to-shore boat and abundant ground tackle would be a must; according to the pictures, the old carracks just bristled with anchors.

Funds? A Dutch carpenter, dissatisfied with life in general and chronic lack of work, decided to build a full-sized copy of one of the famous 17th century ships. Everybody laughed. By the time the hull began to take shape, funds started to come in BIG. It might happen to you. It eventually happened to the man that built the replica of a Baltimore Clipper. The thing is always: you have to really want to do it. Then, you have to refuse to take NO for an answer. In the book *If You Can Count To Four*, a man called Jones not only wrote the book, but proved it over and over again in his own life. The story is really quite amazing.



Ebenezer 11

By Platt Monfort

Ebenezer 11 is a modification of an early design in the Geodesic Airlite fleet. It consists of enlarging the Whitehall Jr by 10% and including a plywood bottom. This offers a tough choice: Robustness versus a considerable labor increase. The resulting Dacron covering on the ply is similar to a glass coating.

The classic pulling boat lines with a saucy sheer are a treat to study. It is a very seaworthy hull, easily driven; even in choppy sea conditions and remains dry. Enlarging the boat increases the capacity quite a bit. It is very comfortable with two adults and you could add a dog.

A framework was added on both sides amidships to provide rails to carry an adjustable seat position. Rowing with two changes the trim considerably from the solo position. This could be changed to foam blocks to provide flotation.

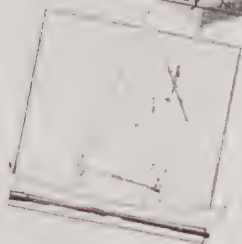
The design was inspired by watching a 5 year old, Ebenezer Wilson, row a 16' Whitehall. He was so salty and handled that boat like a downeast fisherman. Little did I know that he would grow up to be a teenage lobsterman and take up the trade of boat building.

Specifications are: LOA 11', Beam 40", Stem Height 16-3/4", Amidships Freeboard 11-3/4", Weight 28lbs. Plans are \$36, partial kit is \$78.

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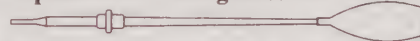
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Design #565 Auxiliary Ketch "Jack Hanna"

Bolger on Design

Mark Thomas of Peterborough, Ontario, commissioned this design about ten years ago for Great Lakes cruising, and has been working on her ever since off and on; not an unusual time span for an ambitious part-time project like this. She's being built almost entirely of cedar and locust felled and sawn in his immediate neighborhood.

At first glance there would not seem to be much need for a new design of this type, as she looks much like a multitude of nice de-

signs by William Atkin, Philip Rhodes, and others, and it was this style that he wanted. But all that he could find were too deep to be good cruisers, needing four or even five feet of water, which would put a great part of the most attractive havens out of bounds. The thirty inches the design calls for is quite deep by our current standards, being over the tops of a good pair of hip boots, but it opens up a lot of nice places and allows the conservative shape envisaged.

The shape, rig, and layout aren't unconventional, but some details are worth mentioning. The big jib, her best driving force, is self-trimming from tack to tack. Its boom is a wishbone, to hold the clew down without complex sheeting. The centerboard pendant shackles to a rigid staff on the board, with the effect that if the board is kicked up in a grounding, there is not enough slack in the pendant to allow it to jam between the board and the trunk side. The propeller aperture is all in the deadwood, so that the hardover rudder does not swing out of the prop stream, and there is enough deadwood ahead of the rudder to straighten out eddies from the stationary prop; that is, her steering will benefit both under sail and power.

Below decks, the double berth is almost rectangular by the use of skewed bulkheads. The toilet room makes use of the centerboard trunk for good privacy. The engine is accessible from both sides, though the entry from below, through two-foot by two-and-a-half-foot panels on each side, does assume limber people. Six-foot headroom is produced by putting the cabin sole as low as possible, with sloping sheathing intruding on the flat floor; this last is pleasant when the boat is heeling if not ideal when she's upright.

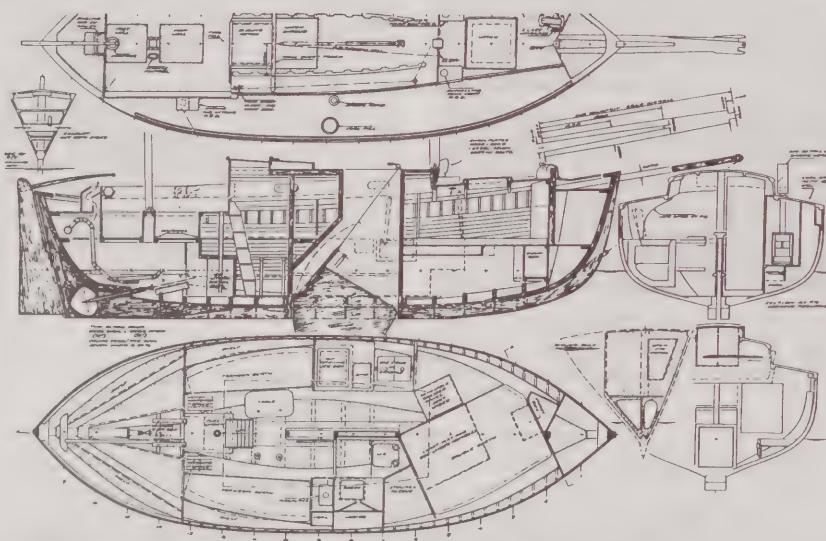
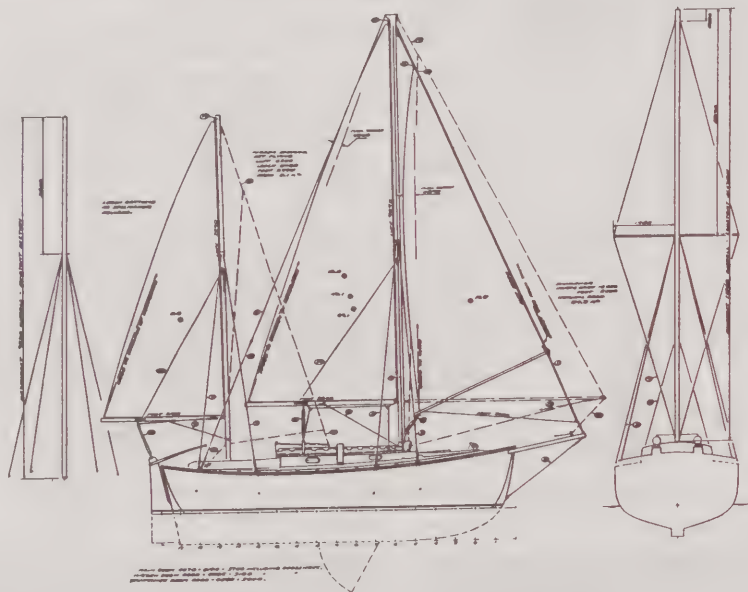
She is strip construction with fiberglass sheathing, but she has light bent frames through the cabin area, which carry 5/16-inch cedar sheathing clear of the inside of her planking. This allows air to circulate continuously from side to side around the boat, drying up condensation and keeping the surfaces facing the cabin at the inside temperature. You have to experience a cabin with this feature to appreciate the difference in comfort over one in which you live in contact with the outer shell of the boat, even if the outer shell is wood.

To work four good sleeping spaces and the other amenities into a hull this size, stowage space is sacrificed as usual. She would make a fair live-on-board for two people of unusually simple tastes.

She looks chunky because of her high-freeboard, necessary for seaworthiness in a shallow-keeled boat as well as for room inside. In fact she is quite fine-lined and will be a good and weatherly sailer.

Plans of Design #565 "Jack Hanna", on six 22" x 34" sheets, are available for \$500 to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627. Fax (978) 282-1349.

9.0m (29.5') Length on Deck
 8.3m (27.2') Waterline
 3.0m (9.8') Breadth
 .75m (29.5") Draft CB up,
 2.0m (6.5') CB down
 5.12m³ (about 11,300 lbs) Displacement
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One of the fattest file folders I keep is titled "Maine Cottages". After nearly a decade of completely unmethodical research of coastal inns, which have to be casual, scenic, friendly, and have a place to launch a kayak, I can toss the whole folder. Lee Bumsted's Second Edition of *Hot Showers! Maine Coast Lodgings for Kayakers and Sailors*, provides all the necessary...and current...information needed for planning from-shore kayak trips.

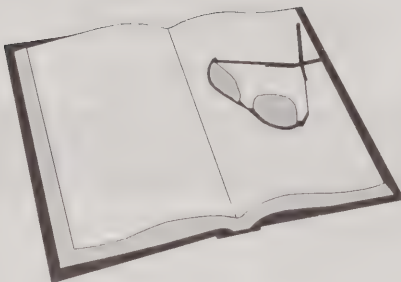
This is Lee's second edition of *Hot Showers!* The first came out three years ago. The new edition, which she self publishes, is very helpful for current prices and email addresses and web sites for lodges, campgrounds, and attractions, virtually non-existent three years ago. For example, Warren Island in Penobscot Bay has a web site where you can choose your site based on a map provided. That is new!

The book (240 pages) also includes 24 more coastal lodgings (for a total of 152), five more campgrounds (30 in all) and expanded coverage of easternmost Maine, from Machias up to Eastport.

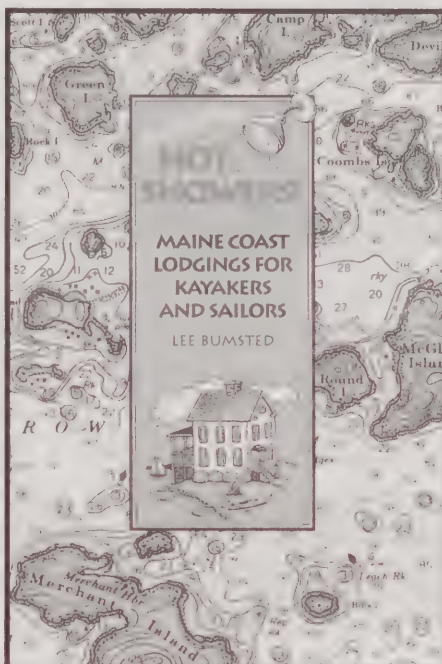
Lee is up front about her reason for publishing this guidebook. She worked with the Maine Island Trail Assn. for several years, on the board of trustees and as guidebook and newsletter editor. She, like MITA supporters, feels strongly the Maine islands are being over-used and supports MITA's efforts to reduce camping impacts on wild islands and to establish new island capacity guidelines. What better way to preserve the islands' fragility than to stay on shore in comfortable inns or convenient campgrounds and make day trips?

Lee divides the book geographically starting in Casco Bay, where the Maine islands start (thus no Kennebunkport or Ogunquit) and ending Down East in Eastport. She further divides each bay into regions, so you are really getting a kayaker's view of distance (Castine to Deer Isle vs. the whole Penobscot Bay, for example). Then she provides general offshore and onshore information on the area, including accessible islands and their owners. In addition to the Bureau of Public Lands islands many of us are familiar with, she identifies islands belonging to conservation groups and land trusts. The Island Heritage Trust, for example, cares for five islands in the Deer Isle area, available for day trips.

Then come very comprehensive listings of lodgings and campgrounds, all on or very close to the water. The lodgings range from



Book Review



Hot Showers! Maine Coast Lodgings for Kayakers and Sailors Second Edition

By Lee Bumsted

Review by Tamsin Venn

b&b saltwater farms, to convenient motels, to grand old resorts. A brief description of each is provided, along with a bit about the owners, several of whom have sailed in exotic spots and/or have ACA or BCU sea kayak certifications. Then a breakdown of meals, rates, access, address, phone. Flipping through the many entries, I started a mantra of what's for breakfast, how much it costs to stay there, and how far the launch site is from the lodge. Lee's priorities were in the right place.

The book will best serve if you already have some familiarity with the geographic area or accommodations, rather than picking out a spot for the first time. The information on ferries (frequency, phone numbers, and whether they allow kayaks on board) and places to park cars (Lee encourages you to park overnight at commercial marinas rather than the public launch ramps) is invaluable. She tackles the thorny access and parking logistics in popular Stonington thoroughly. Also handy is information on camping at such really stunning spots as Duck Harbor on Isle au Haut (reservations taken after April 1), Warren Island in Penobscot Bay (take the ferry over to Islesboro, then paddle the 1/4 mile to Warren), and Cobscook Bay Down East (don't forget the bug repellent).

One method of overnight kayaking definitely worth considering is an inn-to-inn or campground-to-campground tour, and Lee provides both logistics (i.e. what happens to your reservation when you don't show up due to weather) and in the index, many suggested inn-to-inn itineraries, worth giving a try.

Let's we forget our fellow boaters, she also gives details on public moorings and dock space for sailors.

Overall, the layout is very easy to follow, the illustrations by Jane O'Connor very pleasing, and the appendices on emergency numbers, inn-to-inn options, public transportation, wheelchair accessible accommodations, and chart excerpts an additional useful service.

You can buy *Hot Showers!* at bookstores and kayak shops or order directly from Audenreed Press, POB 1305, Brunswick, ME 04011; (888) 315-0582. You can also order from website: www.biddle-audenreed.com. Price is \$18.95.

(Tamsin Venn is editor/publisher of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*. This review appeared in the August 2000 issue).

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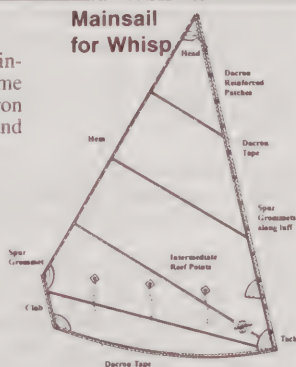
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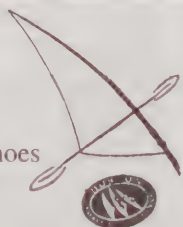
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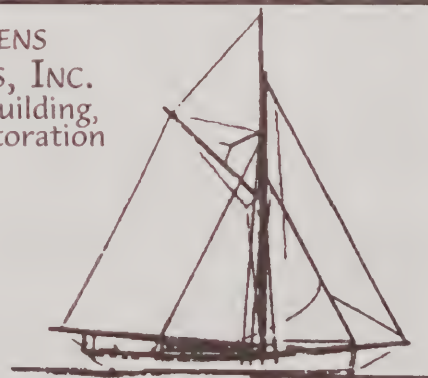
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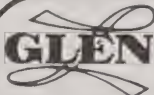
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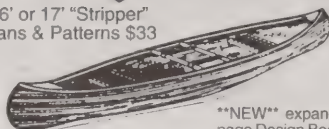
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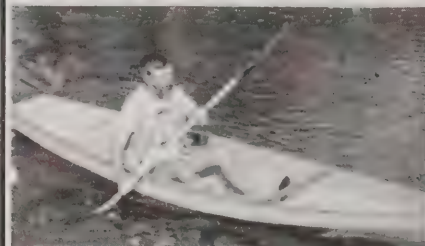


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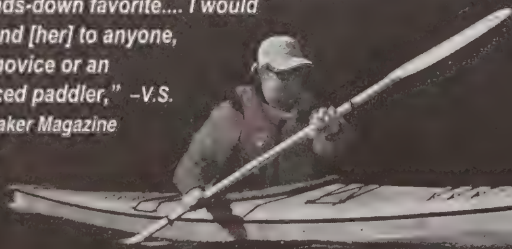
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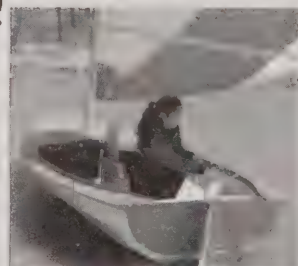
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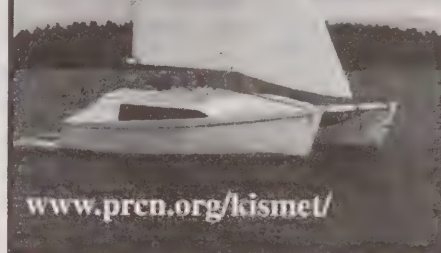
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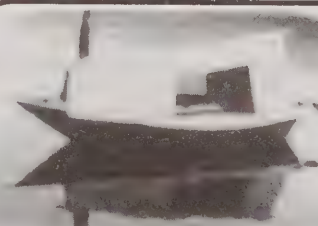
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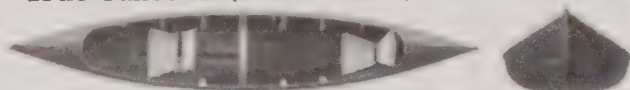
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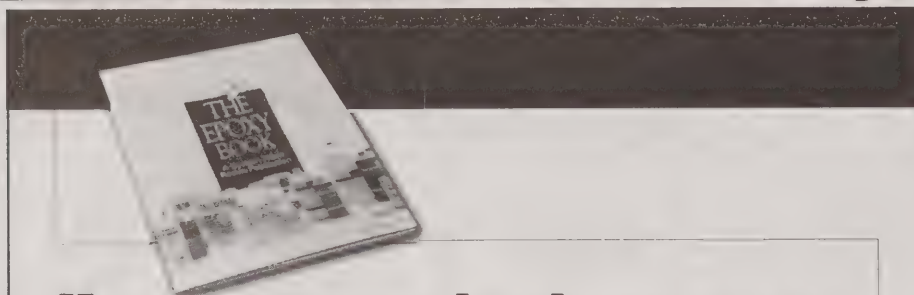
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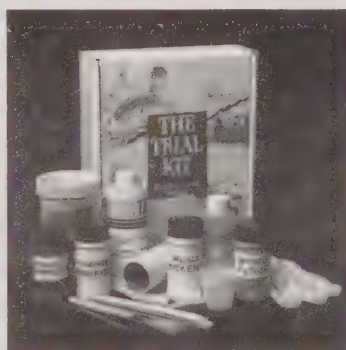
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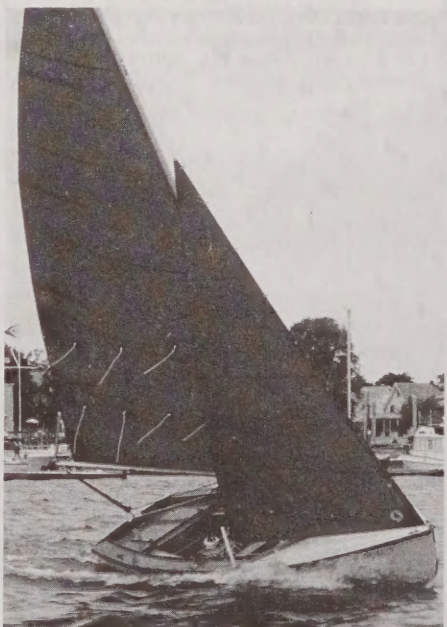
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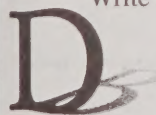
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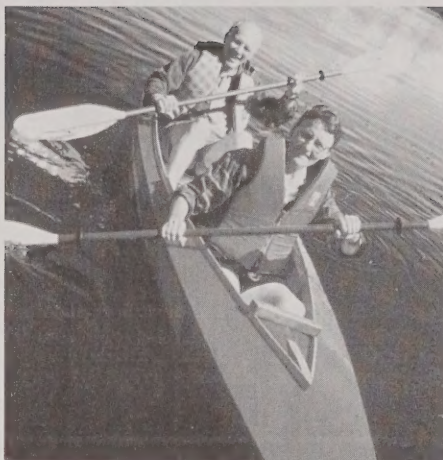
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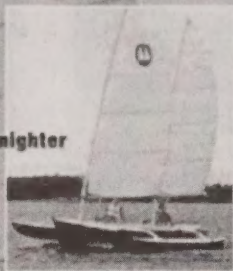
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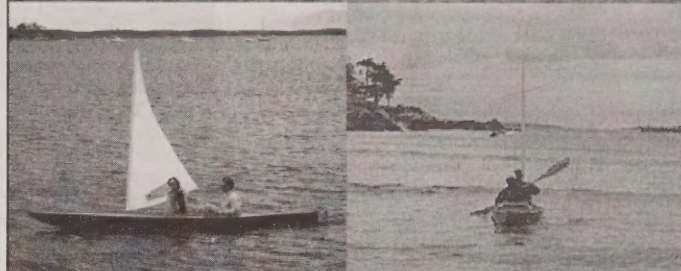
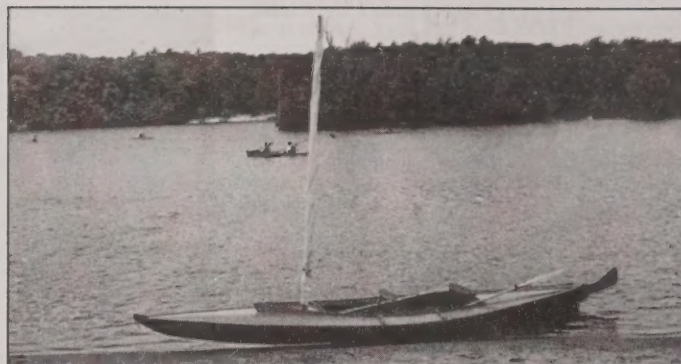
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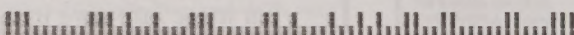
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